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WE print in this issue an editorial entitled "Call Mr. Hughes," which expresses very clearly the point of view of The Outlook on the Sinclair-Hays scandal.

TO our mind, the theory that a political party is not responsible for the acts of its individual members is all very well in isolated instances. But when the members of a National Committee of the party disavow all responsibility for the acts of their predecessors on the ground that they themselves had nothing to do with those acts, party responsibility is completely lost and responsible government breaks down.

IN this case, The Outlook does not insinuate that the present members of the Republican Committee had anything to do with the efforts of Mr. Hays and his associates to hide Mr. Sinclair's contributions. Nor does it believe that these efforts were known to all the members of the old Committee. But it feels very strongly that the attitude of those Committee members who have so far expressed themselves is not conducive to the good either of the Republican Party or the public. A man can be so good a party man that he is not a good citizen. He can prefer the interests of his own group to the public interests. If the Republican National Committee is not responsible for clearing its own party record, who is?

SO far as Mr. Hays is concerned, he would be funny if he were not genuinely important. Mr. Hays is the gentleman whose unquestioned integrity and keen perception of the moralities have been guarding us and our children against wickedness and low ideas in the movies. Is the point of view he has disclosed in this Sinclair affair desirable? Or is he a Gilbert and Sullivan character who can do equally well in opposed capacities? Apparently, the best we can hope for from him is a closer guardianship of other people's ethics than he has time to apply to his own.

WE should like to have our readers' opinions on the suggestion made in this issue that the country has complete confidence in Mr. Hughes—and that all good citizens would welcome his impartial investigation of a party condition which otherwise may end in the haze of partisan politics to the detriment of responsible party government.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY

By Goya

From the loan exhibition of Spanish painting, 1600 to 1800 (circa). Goya, also a master of etching, is one of the world's greatest portrait painters. His work, in interesting contrast to that of El Greco, reproduced last week, is objective and classic

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The Outlook

March 28, 1928

The World This Week

Score Three!

THE number of Republican leaders who have spoken forcibly about the Teapot Dome scandal is now three. Senator Capper, of Kansas, a possible dark horse at the National Convention, has come out into the open space hitherto occupied by Senators Borah and Norris.

"For spectacular rottenness I doubt whether we have the equal of Teapot Dome in American history or ever will have," he says.

"The Republican Party must make plain by forceful action that it indignantly repudiates the men who participated in the rape of the Government oil lands. Teapot Dome and its attendant disgraceful transactions are as repugnant to the rank and file of the Republican Party as to every other decent citizen. These condemn the party leaders who took part, who smeared and besmirched the party itself with oil. . . . Republican leaders must realize that they must face the music or the party will pay the fiddler. The issue cannot be evaded. The leaders may condone. The public will not forget.

"Concealment of facts already has impaired public confidence to an extent that is just beginning to be realized. To regain the confidence of the party the leadership must free itself from the widening circle of suspicion that this leadership has tolerated too close an alliance with oil and other exploiting interests. Those leaders who have their eyes on the money-bags when their thoughts should be of the public welfare must cease to be represented in the leadership of the party.

"The Republican Party must purge itself from the oil smudge. The job must be thoroughly done. I believe it will be thoroughly done. I have every confidence in the patriotism, the loyalty, the honesty, and sound judgment of the Republicans in this country."

The Los Angeles Dam Disaster

WHATEVER may have been the cause of the bursting of the St. Francis Dam, in southern California, from which perhaps as many as four hundred deaths resulted, there can be no question that the issue is a National one. The disaster in the San Francisquito Canyon places every dam in the United States on probation.

One theory is that the disaster was occasioned by a "major ground movement," to use the words of the chief engineer of the Los Angeles Bureau of Power and Light. In other words, the theory is advanced that the disaster was caused by earthquake. The fact, however, says a despatch from The Outlook's Pacific coast correspondent, remains that no seismograph, either in California or anywhere else, registered any earthquake on the night of March 12.

Our correspondent adds as a fact that, although earthquakes of varying intensity, mostly slight, are comparatively frequent in California, there is no record of any dam within the State having been injured by earthquake. The great earthquake of 1906, which laid a large part of the city of San Francisco in ruins, caused the failure of no dams whatever; and the Crystal Springs Dam, an important feature in the San Francisco water supply, stands today as it did then, in spite of the fact that it is placed right beside and across the San Andreas fault, which was the center and cause of that earthquake.

In view of all this, it is highly probable that something other than an earthquake must be looked for as the cause of the disaster. There have been rumors of faulty construction, of inferior concrete, and of serious seepages overlooked. The State Engineer, Mr. Edward Hyatt, is quoted as saying: "There is no question in my mind that had the dam had a sufficiently strong foundation the tragedy would never have happened."

The whole country will await with interest the result of the inquiry now on foot, and public opinion demands that it should be thorough and conclusive.

Nicaragua's Trouble-Maker

As fighting men, Fuzzy Wuzzy and the Hairy Ape could give no odds to Emiliano Chamorro, of Nicaragua.

He has just succeeded in blocking passage by the Nicaraguan Congress of the bill to provide for supervision of general elections this autumn by United States marine officers. That was the measure called for by the agreement of President Coolidge's envoy, Colonel Henry L. Stimson, with President Diaz, of the Conservative faction, and General Moncada, of the Liberal faction, which ended civil warfare.

A little while ago Chamorro was offering to aid the marines who are trying to catch the rebel leader Sandino, out on the war-path with a band of mountaineer followers against intervention by the United States. It must be perplexing for the marine commanders. But—with the aid of a special decree by President Diaz and 1,000 more men—they plan to carry the elections through and make good the pledge of the United States.

Apparently Chamorro does not care whom he fights—he is like Groucho Marks in "The Cocoanuts"—ready to

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"wrestle any one in the crowd for a quarter."

No More Parades?

ONE reads with a degree of skepticism despatches from Atlantic City that the famous bathing beauty contests will never be held again. The Atlantic City Hotel Men's Association, whose support is considered essential, has ruled that the pageant does not "truly represent young American girlhood," but brings to the resort chiefly "an aggregation of girls seeking personal advertising and profit." Thus, for the first time in years, there will be no Miss America in 1928.

The situation may change, of course, before fall. An assemblage of personable damsels clad in bathing suits persuaded many a guest to prolong his visit instead of hurrying back to business. The Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce is hoping that some form of pageant may be substituted, and has even suggested that a beauty contest on a higher and cleaner plane be established. The girls would be clad in street clothes. The hotel men frown upon even this, however.

What killed the beauty contest, in brief, was the unpardonable conduct of the young women who won. Announcing to newspaper reporters that they had competed for the glory of West Philadelphia, Hoboken, or Kansas City, they proceeded to capitalize their victories by accepting vaudeville contracts. This was more than the sensitive hotel men could endure.

Officially, then, the contest is dead. It will be a blow to the rotagravure editors who found that bathing beauties adorned their pages. It is not time yet to despair. Atlantic City swarms with press agents. Is it possible that the announcement is merely a publicity stunt for the 1928 contest?

A Bishop Is Worried

THE Bishop of St. Albans, in England, has been contemplating our so-called machine age, and is beginning to wonder whether science has made man any happier than his simple forebears. Driven to his bathroom for absolute protection from such intruding agents as the telephone and the radio, he is beginning to fear that developments in television will rob him of that meditative retreat.

"I view with great trepidation the coming of the day when by television my morning ablutions will be reflected on the screen in New York for the entertainment of the American public," he says, plaintively.

For the information of the American public, the Bishop of St. Albans may be recognized as the tallest one in England. He is six feet four.

"Broadsides"

MEMBERS of the United States Tariff Commission have been speaking out in public about President Coolidge, former President Harding, and about one another. Edward P. Costigan began it by resigning from the Commission, describing his action as his "final protest against present and past violations of the law."

"At the end of five years," he declared in a letter to Senator Robinson, "and at the cost of approximately $3,000,000, the Tariff Commission has made thirty-two reports to the President under the flexible tariff provisions. Those reports have grown out of investigations, not freely chosen by the Commission, but, instead, requested by the President or the Senate, or, under a practice settled by President Harding, urged by private interests.

"The reports have resulted in twenty-three Presidential proclamations changing tariff rates. In five cases of little tariff importance—mill feed, bobwhite quail, paint-brush handles, phenol, and cresylic acid—previous tariff rates have been reduced. In eighteen cases, some of which related to articles of much tariff significance, the President has proclaimed substantial or maximum increases, and various other important cases are pending in which demands for maximum increases are being pressed by strongly intrenched industrial groups.

"Even more significant for the consuming public are some of the cases in which the President has declined to act on decisive evidence that the rates should be substantially lowered—sugar, linseed oil, and halibut—to which, if Chairman Marvin and two other members of the Commission have their way, will now be added the five-year-old investigation of logs of fir, spruce, and Western hemlock."

Mr. Costigan describes the Chairman of the Tariff Commission as "a tireless and fanatical protectionist, known in Washington as a tariff lobbyist for New England protected interests." It is his "confirmed judgment" that Mr. Marvin's membership "seriously impairs the usefulness of the Commission." Commissioner Brossard is characterized as biased, and Commissioner Lowell as lacking in equipment for his duties.

Chairman Marvin replied that Mr. Costigan was a consistent critic and dissenter and his parting shot at his associates was a "characteristic broadside." Mr. Brossard said that Mr. Costigan reminded him of the marching soldier who shouted to his company commander, "Captain, they're all out of step but me." Mr. Lowell said nothing—for publication.

Cause and Effect?

FOLLOWING his purchase of William Randolph Hearst's tabloid papers—the New York "Mirror" and the Boston "Advertiser"—Alexander P. Moore, of Pittsburgh, has been appointed by President Coolidge to be Ambasador to Peru. He will succeed Miles Poindexter, who has resigned to seek the nomination of Senator from the State of Washington. Mr. Moore was formerly Ambassador to Spain. His wife was the late Lillian Russell. The tabloids will continue to be published under his ownership.

How Long Should a Train Be?

SOME years ago a member of one of the State Legislatures introduced a bill calling for abolition of all rear-end coaches on passenger trains; because, it was explained, records had shown that the last coach was involved in the largest number of accidents.

The incident is recalled by the "long train case" in Kansas, which now has been finally passed upon by the Supreme Court of that State. This case had to do with a more practical issue than disposal of all rear-end coaches, or with the question of how long a freight train could be with safety to its employee operators.

When many men now living were boys, a freight train of forty cars was a "whopper." Today the more powerful locomotives make possible trains of 100, 140, even 160 or more cars.

Two years ago railroad brotherhoods filed with the Kansas Public Service Commission a complaint that long trains made signaling between members of the crews both difficult and dangerous in results. It was asked that the length of trains be limited. The railroads held that the long trains were more economical and that accidents had declined as the lengthening process had expanded. It was hinted that behind the complaint was an effort to create more jobs for trainmen.

The Commission made no definite ruling as to length of trains, but held that railroad operating conditions, including signal systems, should be made safe in all cases. The Kansas Supreme Court now has ruled that the Commission's

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Cartoons of the Week

Pease in the Newark (New Jersey) Evening News

Bit by bit

From J. A. MacArt, East Orange, N. J.

Enright in the New York Evening World

Copyright, Press Publishing Company (New York World), 1928

"This little bear went to market"

From Jacob Dress, Providence, R. I.

Morris for the George Matthews Adams Service

Copyright, 1928, by the George Matthew Adams Service

Senator Walsh: "Oh, father! dear father! come home with me now, the clock in the steeple strikes nine"

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

ARE YOU GOING TO SIT THERE AND LET ONE OF YOUR OWN CHILDREN ACT LIKE THIS AND NOT SAY A WORD?
SINCLAIR
COURTS
BIG BUSINESS
J.N. Darling

Copyright, 1928, New York Tribune Inc.

A word of disapproval from father would be appreciated

From Jacob Dress, Providence, R. I.

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order with respect to signal systems was so indefinite the roads could not be expected to comply with it.

Presumably, that ends the case, and the freight trains, on the prairies or wherever else it is feasible, may stretch out sinuously or in straight lines for a mile, a mile and a half, or more—while the small boys confine their attention to the airplanes roaring overhead.

This was regarded as a test case, and, with a decision favorable to the trainmen, it was expected the issue would be pressed generally. It also was interesting because it involved the first recognition by labor of the Industrial Court Act of Kansas, for which Henry J. Allen, former Governor of that State, was responsible in the days of wide industrial disturbances just following the World War. The case was brought under terms of the act.

Ancient Sumerians and Modern Car Wheels

THERE is a strange verisimilitude in the new discovery at Kish, in Mesopotamia, of a chariot five thousand years old whose wheels were spaced four and one-half feet apart. This is within two and one-half inches of regular A.D. 1928 width for wagon wheels and standard-gauge railway tracks over most of the world. Can it be that modern vehicles carry down from ancient Sumeria their very width? The temptation to make some such assumption is strong. From the Sumerians of five thousand years ago we have inherited not only the wheel but its division—or at least that of the circle—into 360 equal parts or six "sixties," the units which corresponded in the Sumerian system of notation to the tens of our decimal system. From these ancient people we also inherit our hours, consisting of sixty minutes each. All these things have become commonplaces, but it is at least interesting to discover that we are still employing on our standard vehicles virtually the same width gauge that the Sumerians did three thousand years before Christ.

Calling the Fire Department

DR. YANDELL HENDERSON, well-known Yale physiologist, who determines with scientific accuracy such things as the exact number of horse-power the human rowing "engine" expends when the Yale crew beats that of Harvard, has just warned the American Medical Association that calling in the fire department with its inhalator to resuscitate newborn infants is an inefficient method and is getting to be a nuisance to the fire departments. Professor Henderson says maternity hospitals should be equipped with carbon dioxide and oxygen inhalators instead of relying on getting word to fire headquarters in time to save the life of the baby.

What these peculiar statements import is simply this: When an infant is born, its breathing apparatus must quickly commence to function, but it does not always do so. To start off the lung action the very first spanking of the new individual's lifetime has previously been administered, an ancient custom which modern authorities regard as wrong. Physiologists know that the remarkable mechanism which causes every one to take the next breath is the evolution of carbon dioxide in the tissues, a process which takes place rhythmically and alternately with the intake of oxygen. The motive of the maternity hospital in sending for the fire department now loses at least some of its savor of ridiculousness. It is said that the members of one fire department which has thus been requested on too numerous occasions to rush to the bedside with apparatus have pondered whether the heroism of the hook and ladder has not deteriorated into an effete form of midwifery.

Esch Rejected

"OLD BOB" LA FOLLETTE said six years ago that John J. Esch was not a fit man to be a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. But "Old Bob" could find only two other Senators to vote with him against confirmation. Esch has served six years, has been reappointed—and a majority of the Senate has voted against his confirmation. "Old Bob" did not live long enough to see his position vindicated.

The thing which bulked largest in the opposition to confirmation of Esch's reappointment was his position—or, rather, his two positions—on the Lakes cargo coal rate case. He first favored the appeal of the Southern coal States for a more favorable differential, but finally took the standpat attitude of the Pennsylvania-Ohio field. It was charged and denied that the change came about under political pressure.

Senator Neely, who led the fight against confirmation, said when it was over that the result "is very emphatic warning that the Senate will not tolerate the packing of these important commissions by President Coolidge in favor of Pennsylvania or any other section, or in favor of any particular interests of the country."

On the other hand, Senator Fess declared that, if Mr. Esch were rejected because of his vote, then the others who voted with him were denied continuance and the Commission should be eliminated or reorganized; and he added that rejection for this reason made the Senate, a political body, the tribunal on railway rates, rather than the Commission.

The S–4 Is in Port

ONLY her conning tower and the forward gun showed above the surface of the water. Her two periscopes were bent into grotesque shapes on the conning tower hatch, and the gun pointed to port at a crazy angle. A sharp wind blew up out of the northeast and drove against the puffing tugs and bobbing pontoons. But the S–4, listing twelve degrees to starboard, moved steadily from her old berth, 102 feet under the sea at Provincetown, to her new berth at the Boston Navy Yard. Eight bodies remained in her battered hull.

Millions into the Fighting of Mud

WHETHER Sandino should be left alone, Mussolini curbed, or China solidified are questions of small moment in the heart of these United States when compared with the issues of how many miles of paving shall be laid annually and what methods shall be employed in the process. Not even farm legislation or the chances of a National sprint by Governor Smith and Secretary Hoover are replacing popular interest in the central area of America in the building of more and better roads. On highways the section is not isolationist.

Having spent more than $100,000,000 in constructing some 5,000 miles of State and other highways, Missouri now is debating whether it should follow its issue of $60,000,000 in road bonds with another issue of $75,000,000, or move forward more slowly with building on the pay-as-you-go basis. Citizens are being told, on one hand, that interest and other charges will practically double the cost of bonds; on the other, that without the new bonds completion of the State system will be delayed several years. An easy question for the voters.

Kansas, with about 2,500 miles of surfaced highways, is not interested in bonds, but has a committee named by Governor Paulen at work on a plan that will speed up building and give a stronger measure of State, as opposed to county, control in road work. Arkansas is going ahead with an enlarged road program, launched under the enterpris-

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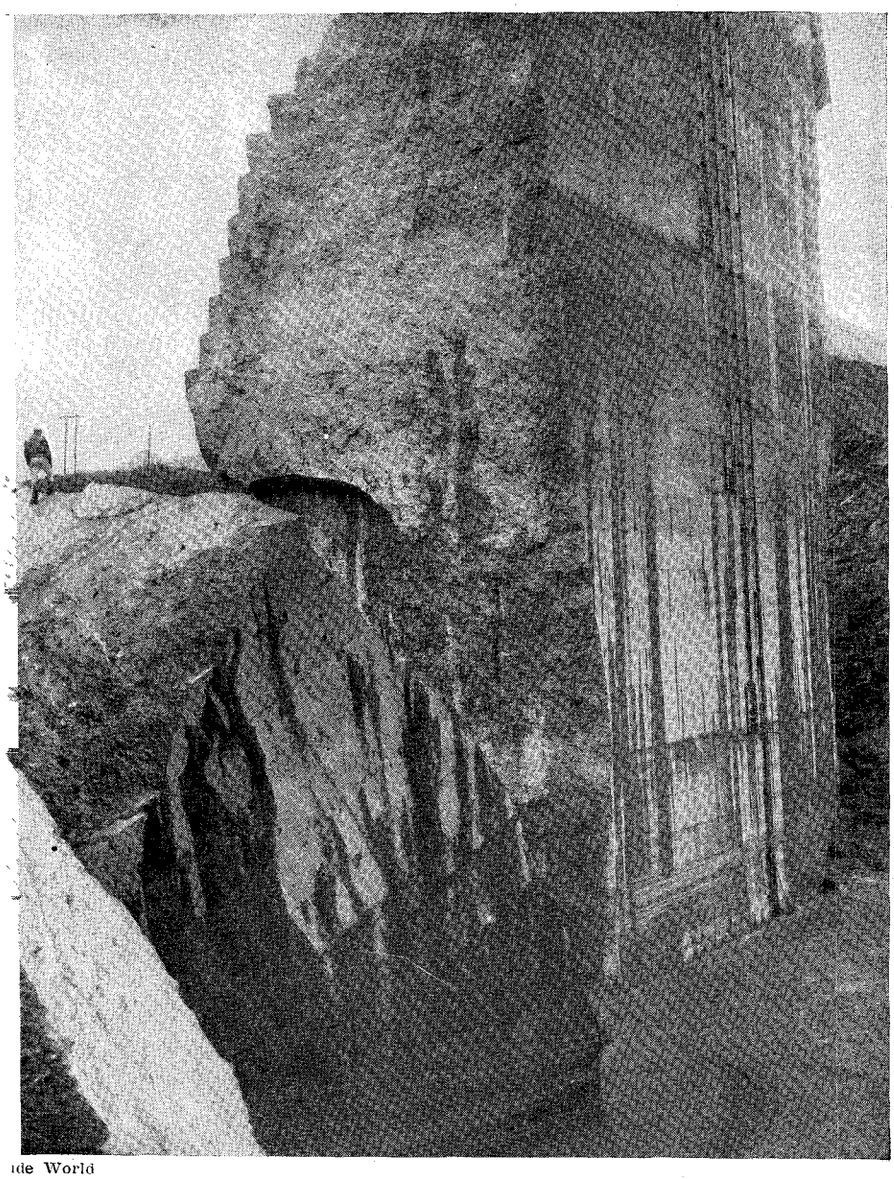

ıde World

IN THE WAKE OF THE WATERS

The huge mass of concrete in the St. Francis Dam, California, pushed aside by the loosing of the pent-up waters

(*See page 483*)

g leadership of Governor Martineau. ebraska is alert to increase its present 300 miles of excellent highways.

Farther east, Illinois has projected a ad program calling for expenditure of ,7,000,000 this year, to add to its 500 miles of trunk lines alone, already ıilt. Action of the Illinois Supreme ɔurt in holding invalid a gasoline tax pected to net the State $13,000,000 a ar has created some temporary con-sion. In Iowa, at this writing, a spe-ıl legislative session is busy with a nd-issue proposal of $100,000,000 for largement of a liberal road mileage, ɔecially of the gravel kind.

A motorist who looks straight ahead w can travel on a continuous line of vement from New York, Washington, ltimore, or other Eastern centers, to Mary's, Kansas. Eventually, he may keep out of the mud all the way to San Francisco. Thus, again, for a meeting of East and West.

Kossuth and Horthy

NEW YORK heartily wishes that its foreign-born citizens would keep their foreign-bred quarrels to themselves. We used to have Orange and Catholic riots on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne; recently we have had Fascist and anti-Fascist demonstrations; just now the anti-Horthy Hungarians started a near-riot when the envoys to the unveiling of the statue of the great Hungarian patriot Louis Kossuth landed in New York to be greeted with such cheerful banner slogans as "Get Out, You Bloody Murderers of Hungarian Workers and Peasants."

Otherwise the occasion was dignified and worthy. When the Kossuth revolution failed in 1849, Daniel Webster in a brilliant speech before the United States Senate urged our Government to help the patriot leader, who had fled to Turkey and was in danger. America and England extricated Kossuth and brought him to this country, where he created a furor by his eloquent patriotism. The statue just unveiled is in honor both of the hero and his reception in America. Mayor Capocz, of Budapest, on this occasion said: "This memorial is a recognition that you have found in Kossuth and his fiery patriotism that which transcends earthly bounds and unites in spiritual communion all those who worship at the altar of a common idea."

This was decidedly one of those occasions when common patriotism should have kept political dissenters from airing their differences.

A View of Age

MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN is beginning her sixty-fourth year on the stage, and has just observed her eighty-third birthday. She recently went for an airplane ride after dancing five old-time dances with Henry Ford. "The way to keep living," she said, "is to keep working. . . . Age is merely a mental condition." Concerning the "modern woman" she was by no means severe in her comment, but, as reported in the New York "Times," she had this to say:

"If I had any criticism to make of modern women, it would only be that they lack the 'stick-to-it quality.' They are inclined to jump from one thing to another and burden their minds with the inconsequential and unimportant things of life. The things that cause trouble are the loose ends that haven't been tied up."

Away With Tips!

THE leader of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters says that the railways must abolish tips or stand a strike. But will George do it?

On the one side, the railway officers say that eighty-five per cent of the porters rather like tips. The head of the union counters with 1,000 anti-tip affidavits.

The serious contention of the Brotherhood is not so much that tips are debasing socially as that the Pullman Company is making money out of the porters by paying unfairly low wages and reckoning the tips received as larger than they are. It is hard to say, the porters aver, just what is a fair wage, but if the

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system were based solely on wages, the facts would be in the open and perhaps the Interstate Commerce Commission might have a word to say.

The alleged aversion of porters to tips may possibly be explained by the story of the passenger who at the end of the run asked his porter what the average tip was. "One dollar," was the prompt reply. The porter got it. Then, after he had given his passenger an extra-fine brushing off he remarked with a happy grin: "Boss, I've been on this run for years, and you are the first passenger to come up to the average!"

The Survival of Bodily Death

SCIENCE and religion, which once were thought to be in conflict, are continuing to find ways of reconciliation. In a lecture at Yale recently, Dr. William Brown, head of the Psychological Department of the University of London, denied that science could say for certain that the mind cannot survive the death of the body.

"There is nothing," he said, "to prevent us from holding the view that, although self-conscious mind may have developed out of simpler forms of biological process, it gradually achieved a greater and greater degree of independence and is able to react upon the body with an increased degree of freedom and determination of physical activity, and eventually may survive physical death."

A Creed of Life

IN a recent sermon, which was broadcast by radio, Dr. Karl Reiland, Rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, said that the ancient creeds of the Church, worthy to be remembered as symbols, did not truly represent the Christian faith, for they said nothing about such essentials as the Beatitudes, the rest of the Sermon on the Mount, or, in fact, anything concerning the principles of life as enunciated and exemplified by Jesus Christ. Now Dr. Reiland has prepared for use in the afternoon service of his church the following creed:

"We believe that God is spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

"We believe that God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth.

"We believe that God is love and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.

"We believe that Jesus is the son of God and as many as are led by the spirit of God they are the sons of God.

"We believe that the Lord Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life.

"We believe that if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another.

"We believe in the grace of our Lord, in the love of God, and in the fellowship of the spirit. Amen."

Every article of this creed is woven out of the language of passages in the New Testament. It is free from all controversial theology. It is not substituted for the Apostles' Creed at St. George's, for it has been used in the informal vesper service, in which it has not been customary to recite a creed.

Enforcing Prohibition

THE Department of Justice has made public some interesting, though possibly controversial, statistics concerning prohibition enforcement. The figures are comparative for the period from July to January just past and for the corresponding period twelve months earlier.

The number of prohibition cases increased forty-seven per cent. Those who believe that prohibition enforcement is improving will see in this greater activity on the part of enforcement officials. Those who believe that enforcement is deteriorating or, at best, no more than holding its own, will see only greater activity on the part of bootleggers—more violations than there were before.

But the number of convictions increased fifty-seven per cent as compared with the increase of but forty-seven per cent in the number of cases. That presents a difficulty for those who think that enforcement is deteriorating.

In the earlier period the proportion of convictions to acquittals was as twenty to one. During the latter period that proportion was as twenty-eight to one. It is difficult to find for this fact any explanation except that enforcement officials are somewhat more active or that judges and juries are somewhat more willing to convict—one or the other or both.

Remember Poor Mumtaz

THE prolonged, picturesque, and elaborate accounts of the acceptance into Hinduism of an American woman, Miss Nancy Miller, and her wedding with the former Maharajah of Indore have been read in this country with feelings partly of wonder and partly of repulsion. That Miss Miller had a perfect right to follow her previous interest in Eastern religious philosophy by adopting its ritual and faith is indisputable. That she should marry a man of alien race is a matter of personal taste. That the semi-royal splendor of the ex-Maharajah's palace and his "quarts of jewels" influenced the bride we have no right to infer. But one can hardly foresee happiness in that mixed marriage when the history of the Mumtaz affair and the murder of Baula are remembered.

The new bridegroom resigned his headship of the Native State of Indore about a year ago rather than face a trial in a British court for instigating the attack on Mumtaz, in which his former nautch-girl was slashed on the forehead with knives and her new master and protector, the merchant Baula, was slain. It was alleged that some of the men engaged in this "red murder car" crime were connected with the Indore Native Government. Mumtaz went into the Maharajah's seraglio almost a child; it is said that he lavished millions of dollars upon her; at the Baula trial she declared that her child had been murdered because she fled with Baula.

Just how the Maharajah's two existent wives feel about that affair or how they regard the coming of the new American bride we do not know. But we do not feel moved to proffer congratulations at this international wedding.

The Loss of the Endeavour

So hazardous as to seem to experts suicidal, the flight of Captain Hinchliffe and Elsie Mackay, daughter of Lord Inchcape, added one more to the list of Atlantic tragedies, of which the loss of Nungesser and Coli and that of the Princess Lowenstein-Wertheimer are outstanding examples.

It is a recognized fact that the latter half of the air journey from east to west over the Atlantic is dangerous in the extreme. The general course of wind and storm is from the west, and the strain and stress on plane and pilot are likely to come just when they are least fit to meet them.

The reason for the secretiveness that attended the start appears to have been Miss Mackay's desire to avoid her father's natural opposition to the attempt. Thus her desperate desire to do in a hurry what was dangerous in the extreme led to disaster. And Hinchliffe's mother is quoted as saying: "Walter had his heart set on a non-stop record, and all our pleadings had not the slightest effect."

The personal zest for the accomplishing of a feat that would win the world's applause is hardly a sufficient motive for

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Underwood & Underwood

THE ATLANTIC CLAIMS TWO MORE

The Honorable Elsie Mackay, daughter of Viscount Inchcape, the ship-owner, and Captain Walter Hinchliffe the British ace, who were lost attempting the westward flight

reckless risk of life. Some day this particular record will be made, and we shall all be thankful that no more lives of brave men and adventurous women need be sacrificed.

Courage is admirable; out of bold deeds man's mastery of nature grows greater year by year; but there is now a universal desire to see courage tempered with common sense.

Censorship

Is censorship gradually nullifying the freedom of the press guaranteed in the Constitution? Mr. James N. Rosenberg, New York lawyer, thinks so. Beginning with regulation of the movies, he traces its extension to news and educational films, thence to the legitimate drama, and, finally, to the recent introduction in Congress of a bill to censor all magazines. He predicts, under the guise of an exercise of police powers, censorship of the tabloids, and eventually an attempt to censor all newspapers.

Mr. Rosenberg wonders why Americans, once so jealous of liberty, have been indifferent to this rapid growth.

"Is it that America, having come of age, has lost the courage and resilience of youth and begins already to suffer from arteriosclerosis?" he asks. "We need have no such fears. Rather it is because in these days of almost inhuman stress we are perforce engrossed in our own business; it is because the complications of an industrialized age . . . have made such regulation necessary and have thus accustomed us to police power swollen to gigantic stature; and not the least is it because these times, which worship speed as the highest of virtues, grow intolerant of mature judicial process and deride—not without some justification, yet often without warrant—the law's delay."

The Business of Tennis

LAWN tennis has just passed through another of its trying moments, which have been so common in the sport of late. Dr. Sumner Hardy, of California, has complained that the officials are "making bums" out of the tennis players by the serious manner in which they are planning for the Davis Cup trials and training.

The specific charge was that John Doeg, a California collegian, had been ordered to leave college and report at once for practice which, if he was a successful candidate, would keep him away from college until next September.

The tennis officials have answered this charge by saying that they advised the youngster to stay in school. But the fact remains that they have started a campaign in March for an event which is to take place late in the summer.

This means that amateur players are to devote at least six months to playing the game of lawn tennis. This is, perhaps, a bit foreign to the idea that amateur sport is a side-line to the more serious pursuits of life.

The Business of Boxing

IT appears at this writing as though one of our largest industries had returned to the state it was in just two years ago. This is the business of heavyweight prize-fighting, which brings to its main performers incredible fortunes and, annually, gathers in some big arena hundreds of thousands of spectators for that year's "Battle of the Century."

Gene Tunney, who came from obscurity into a rain-swept baseball park in Philadelphia to topple over Jack Dempsey, the man-killer, wanted plenty of work during the coming season of outdoor boxing. He hoped to make up an earning of a couple of millions, or close thereto. This would entail two fights on his part, one in June and the second some time in the fall.

The plans have been upset by reason of the fact that there has been no opponent found. First, Jack Dempsey retired; and then the several hopefuls that Tex Rickard, the promoter, gathered in what he pleased to term an elimination tournament eliminated so well that there was no one left. The June fight has now been pretty definitely abandoned. And the prospects are none too keen for the

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gathering of the devotees of the business in the fall.

It is an odd fact that heavy-weight champions, when they come into power, suddenly loom high above the rest of the field and find no one for them to fight. Dempsey was forced to fighting "set ups" for a while. Tunney now is in the position Dempsey held before his (Tunney's) dramatic arrival. There is not at present any one in sight to bother him or, for that matter, to provide him with a big purse.

Railroad Consolidation Plans

WITHIN the near future, possibly some time in April, important executives of Eastern railroads are expected to reach a decision regarding the so-called "four-party scheme" of consolidation. Within the past week conferences have been held in Philadelphia and New York, and it is now believed that many of the innumerable difficulties have been adjusted.

Enormous railroad holdings, representing literally billions in investments, are involved. There is, if the present negotiations turn out as now anticipated, to be no "railroad war" for shares in the vast traffic empire west of the Hudson River, east of the Mississippi, and north of the Ohio. Instead, there are to be four trunk lines running into this area, and each is to be insured its due proportion of the business.

In the end, of course, the whole matter will hinge upon approval by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Theoretically, railroad consolidation enjoys approval. Actually, each particular consolidation is so filled with complexities that progress can be made only slowly. Meanwhile officials of the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Nickel Plate are working out their plan.

Hope that a settlement is imminent is based largely on reliable reports that Mr. L. F. Loree, President of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, had been persuaded to abandon his plan for a fifth trunk line. J. F. Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore "Sun," has been following developments and writes, in despatches also published in the New York "Times," that Mr. Loree will accept a post as chairman of the board of the Nickel Plate properties, controlled by the Van Sweringen brothers, of Cleveland.

It is safe to predict that the plan must demonstrate, if it is to receive Interstate Commerce Commission approval, greater efficiency of operation on the roads involved. Nearly all the smaller railroads of the East are included, to a greater or less extent, in the merger program. It must be conclusively shown that the partial elimination of these as independent carriers will not stifle competition. Unquestionably, many of the present parallel lines result in excessive costs paid, in the end, by the consumer. Revision of these, the creation of orderly and scientific systems in their place, protection of minority stockholders in the many properties—such are among the details that must be worked out before any merger goes through.

The Votes Pile Up

FOR a week, in steadily increasing numbers, Outlook readers have been responding to the prohibition questionnaire published in our issue of March 14. The first answers came, naturally enough, from the States bordering the Atlantic seaboard, and then the tide began to creep west over the continent.

It is still too soon to record the final results for any section, even the East, for the indications are that our readers are answering the poll deliberately and thoughtfully. It has been our experience in the past in the study of questionnaires of this character that even if the final totals were only to be secured after several weeks the first few hundred answers were a safe and sure guide towards any marked tendency.

It is safe, then, even now, to announce that both wets and drys are emphatically opposed to the return of the saloon. Less than a fifth of those who voted against the Eighteenth Amendment are willing to go on record in favor of the return of the licensed saloon.

The poll indicates that Outlook readers at the time of the passage of the Amendment were in favor of it by a majority of over two to one. Since the passage of the Amendment the dry advocates have lost some five per cent from their ranks and the wets have gained nearly thirty per cent.

The poll discloses a most gratifying breadth of mind among Outlook readers, for many drys seem ready to admit that of itself drinking is neither morally wrong nor a social menace, while the wets, on the other hand, are ready to acknowledge the fact that prohibition has improved conditions in various groups of the population. Significant of this breadth of mind is the fact that the drys are ready to admit that in many instances they are dryer than the communities in which they dwell. Drys who are opposed to home brewing, buying from bootleggers, and bootlegging acknowledge the fact that their communities are generally indifferent to such acts. Almost as large a percentage of Outlook readers are convinced that prohibition has not increased respect for law as is the percentage which is against the return of the saloon.

Outlook readers are to be congratulated upon the character of their response to this prohibition questionnaire. They are thoughtful students of public questions who have it within their power to form and lead public opinion.

The President on Porto Rico

IN a long letter to Governor Horace M. Towner, of Porto Rico, President Coolidge has replied to a recent resolution of the Porto Rican Legislature asking that Porto Rico be made a "free state." He says, in substance, that Porto Rico is not "a mere subjected colony," as the resolution describes it, but that the people of Porto Rico are citizens of the United States, with all the rights and privileges of other citizens, and that "it would not be difficult to show that the present status of Porto Rico is far more liberal than any status of its entire history; that its people have greater control of their own affairs with less interference from without; that its people enjoy liberty and the protection of law; and that its people and its Government are receiving material assistance through its association with the continental United States." He points out that Porto Rico pays no tax to the United States Treasury.

The letter is considered the fullest and frankest statement made by any President concerning Porto Rico and the relation of its people to the rest of the people of the United States.

Why "They" Don't Like Us

VISCOUNT CECIL, of Chelwood, has taken a hand in the popular European practice of telling us why we are not popular. In the current number of "Foreign Affairs" he restates familiar criticisms, admitting that some are what "they say" and that he both agrees and disagrees with the several ideas he sets down. But he declares it would be mere affectation to pretend that the United States is not unpopular.

"Put crudely," he writes, "it amounts to this—that the United States is binding on men's backs burdens grievous to be borne and lifting not one of its fingers to lighten the load. America, it is said, remained out of the war for nearer three

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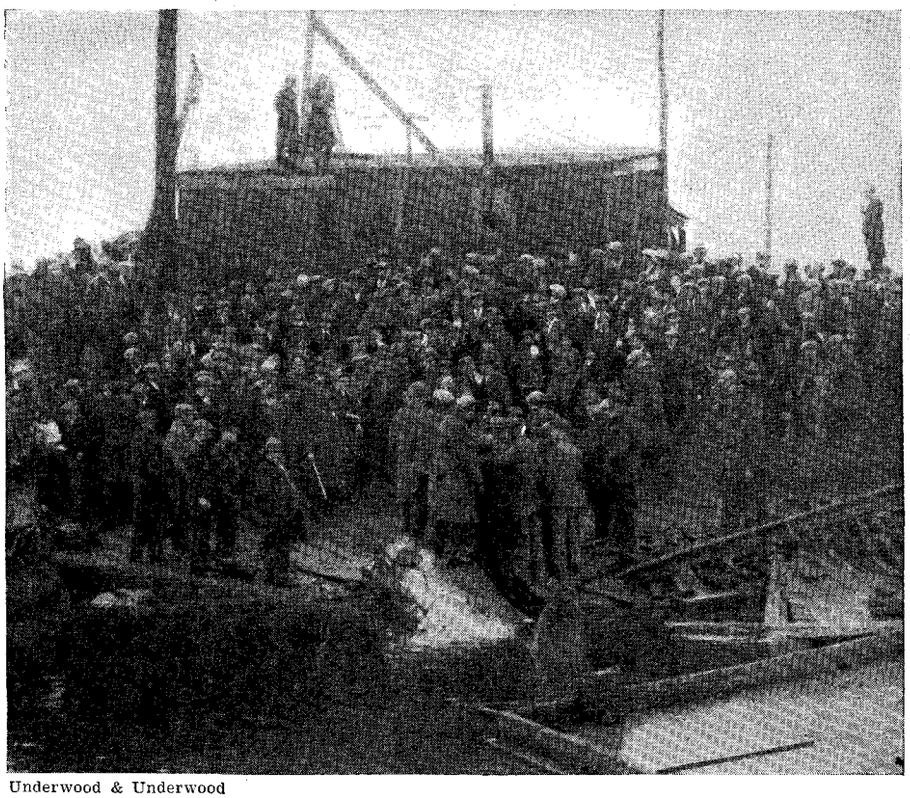

Underwood & Underwood

A VISITOR FROM FOREIGN PARTS

This eighteen-foot whale wandered up the East River recently and was finally captured alive in Brooklyn Harbor after being pursued for several hours

years than two. . . . Her weight was only felt in the field in the closing months of the war, and between then and the Armistice she suffered comparatively little, if sufferings are computed in the terms of what the Allies have borne. . . . After the war came the work of reconstruction. By far the greatest outcome of the peace settlement was the League of Nations. In international affairs it is the one hope of the world. . . . It was President Wilson who had given the League idea currency; and President Wilson, and through him his country, reaped the credit which no one endeavored or desired to deny him. But the United States, avoiding responsibility, withdrew from the League and left to others the task of launching it and keeping it afloat.

"The World Court again was as much an American conception as a European. . . . But the fact remains that the United States has recoiled from this largely American expression of what is historically an American idea.

"In other spheres American aloofness has made itself equally felt. There is the whole question of the war debts. . . . America is fully within her legal rights in the line she has taken. . . . But a policy that may be legally justified is not of necessity attractive. After all, creditors are seldom popular, and the circumstances out of which this debt arose does not tend to decrease the unpopularity of its enforcement."

Later, he goes on, there was the Naval Conference at Geneva. It assembled at the initiative of President Coolidge, and failed, say European critics, because we refused to make the concessions that would have made it a success. We "wanted large guns in large cruisers, and on the question of large guns the final breakdown occurred."

"What, the critic asks, has become of the traditional idealism of Americans? Has wealth submerged it? Was it never more than words? Will America offer only counsel and not collaboration, and, if that be so, must we see in it one more result of the general devitalization of national purpose consequent on the war?"

An Old Use for a New Weapon

ONE of the ancient methods of naval warfare is ramming. This old method has now been adopted for warfare in the air. According to a special despatch to the New York "Times," Great Britain has a new type of single-seater airplane, very small and very swift, which is so designed that it can ram an enemy airplane at full speed. The pilot of this "intercepter fighter," as it is called, will, of course, have a parachute at hand and leap with it as the two planes collide. It is said that men specially qualified by skill and lightness of weight are needed for this tricky and vicious aircraft. One of its chief characteristics is its ability to climb to a great altitude in a short time. Of course, it is primarily designed as a defensive weapon to be used against bombing planes that threaten a city.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

THE BOLSHEVIKS have arrested six German engineers in Russia and thrown them into jail, accusing them of plotting against the Soviet Government. And in consequence the whole system of co-operation between Germany and Russia—which has been a major factor in European affairs ever since the war—appears to be in danger.

Germany has broken off the discussion of a trade treaty with Russia until an explanation of the reasons for acting against the engineers is forthcoming. And at Geneva, where the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference has resumed sessions, Count von Bernstorff, of Germany, failed to support Maxim Litvinov, of Russia, in his demand for complete disarmament. Reports in advance of the meeting had indicated an intention of Germany and Russia to stand together on this point. But the German spokesman turned his back on the Russian, who led off by criticising the technical work of the Commission, and instead surprised the delegates by praising the progress the Commission has made. It was clear that Germany's policy was due in considerable measure to her strained relations with Russia.

The arrested engineers were engaged on the construction of electrical plants in the Donets coal region in southern Russia. They are now being held for trial on a charge of "sabotaging the Soviet coal industry." There are rumors that they were implicated in a secret plan of economic obstruction formed by Russian technicians who sympathized with Trotsky, Zinoviev, and the other Communist Opposition leaders recently exiled from Moscow. But the whole

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affair—which is important to the rest of the world because of its effect on German-Russian relations—is far from clear.

FRANCE AND ITALY—in contrast to Germany and Russia—have begun to take steps to dispose of the unfriendliness that in recent months has marked their relations. During the March meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva, French and Italian delegates discussed a general program of agreement to settle the disputes between them—including colonial concessions in North Africa to Italy in return for her abandonment of pretensions to special influence in southern central Europe or the Balkans. England is co-operating with France in this policy of modifying Italian diplomatic rivalry by undertaking economic negotiations with the Fascist Government to supply raw materials such as coal, iron, oil, and fertilizers.

Thus, while the split between western Europe and Russia is widening, the nations of western Europe are drawing closer together.

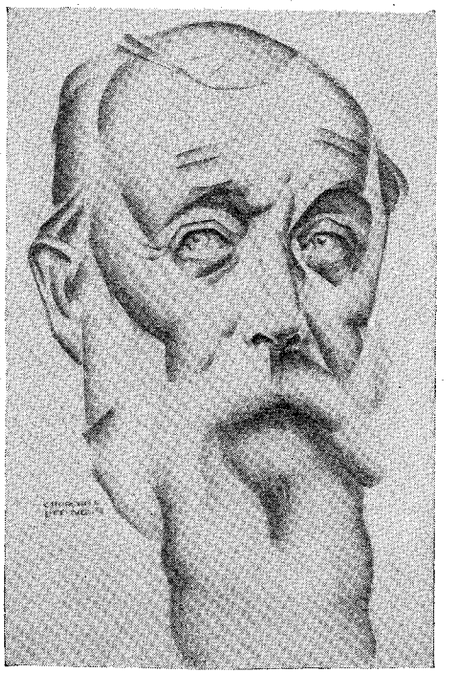
TWO BOLD MEN have distinguished themselves lately in Italy. One is Giovanni Giolitti, formerly Liberal Premier, who has dared to raise his voice in the Chamber of Deputies in Rome against Mussolini's new electoral program establishing the Fascists as the only recognized political party. The other is Cesare Mori, Prefect of Sicily, who has dared to have the leaders of the notorious secret society known as the Mafia tried and sentenced to prison.

Speaking on the new electoral law, which the Fascisti in the Parliament passed at the dictator's word, Signore Giolitti said:

"All right to choice, when only one list can be submitted to the voters, is in actual fact suppressed. This reform, which is intrusting the choice of Deputies to the Fascist Grand Council, excludes all possibility of political opposition in the Chamber and marks the final departure of the Fascist régime from the régime of the Constitution which has governed Italy hitherto."

Giolitti—now eighty-six years old—is the last of the three former Premiers who headed the constitutional opposition against Fascist domination to continue to display any political activity in protest. He probably is the last critic who will be heard in Italy for some time to come.

Prefect Mori in his drive against the Mafia in Sicily has won a four-year struggle with a gang of organized desperadoes. To Americans the sign of the "Black Hand" at once recalls memory of the Mafia and what they were. The order included members from the high-



TRADER HORN

Another man who awoke to find himself famous

(*See page 510*)

est and lowest ranks of society. Sicily was their stronghold, where they held the population in terror by every sort of crime from destruction of crops to highway robbery, from cattle-maiming to murder. From that island the influence of the society spread through Italy and to Italian colonies throughout the world.

Prefect Mori risked his life repeatedly in having the leaders rounded up and brought to justice. He reorganized the police force and his courts to do it, and it cost 11 dead and 350 wounded. But recently, when all but seven of 154 culprits placed on trial were convicted, Sicilians realized that the power of the Mafia was no longer a menace. And lately the news has come that he has made 379 more arrests, on charges including 62 murders, 35 attempted murders, 115 robberies, 132 extortions, and 61 thefts.

If only Chicago could hire him!

"VOTES FOR FLAPPERS" is the slogan by which Britishers designate a measure now before Parliament. It is the bill, long promised by the Conservative Cabinet of Prime Minister Baldwin, to give the suffrage to women at the age of twenty-one instead of thirty, as at present. Certain of passage with the support of the Government, it will enfranchise about 5,000,000 younger women in Great Britain. And if the results of recent elections are any indication, it will strengthen the hands of the Conservatives.

PRESIDENT CARLO IBANEZ, the military dictator of Chile, has a way of dealing with radical opposition that would warm the heart of Mussolini. Recently his Government arrested forty individuals charged with conspiracy to overthrow the established order. Among them was a son of the former President, Arturo Alessandri, whose administration an army and navy movement headed by Ibanez supplanted.

The official declaration charged the arrested persons with being Communists, and said that their plans were revealed by the apprehension of a messenger from Alessandri, who is in exile in Europe, carrying instructions "referring to determined efforts which were being made to alter the established order in this State in co-operation with Communistic elements that are directed in Santiago by the sons of Alessandri."

The prisoners are to go to Mas-a-Fuera Island, to join some ninety others arrested during the year as revolutionaries—among them the former President of the Court of Appeals. The island lies in the Pacific over 400 miles from the coast, in the Juan Fernandez group which includes "Robinson Crusoe's Island." A convenient place to keep troublesome political rivals.

CHINESE Red massacres of native Christians, rioting, and terrorism in regions near Canton, famine accompanied by pestilence in which over 10,000,000 people are suffering in Shantung Province—these are the pictures that the news brings from China. They are the heritage of civil war and the ruthless exploitation of the country by unprincipled overlords. And still there is nothing to show whether the southern Nationalists are more likely to drive the northern militarists out of Peking this year than they were last year, or whether they can hold together.

"The Year of the Rabbit" closed in China on February 21, and the people are hoping, I read, "for better times under the fiery watch of the mystic dragon presiding over the current year."

It would seem that they might find some more reassuring beast—a cross between a rabbit and a dragon would be about right.

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Borah Makes the Republicans Respectable

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

WILL H. HAYS is more prominent today than he ever was before—and doubtless would give his deacon's place to be again the mere obscure purifier of the pictures.

Hays was again on the stand after Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Chairman Butler, of the Republican National Committee, had testified to the part they did not play in juggling the Sinclair bonds so that the oily $260,000 would appear like widows' mites on the books of the Committee. Mr. Mellon simply elaborated what he had said earlier—that Hays sent him $50,000 of the bonds with the request that he give that amount in cash for them and permit it to appear as though it were his own contribution; that he refused to do anything of the kind, and sent the bonds back to Hays. Mr. Butler testified that he had neither handled nor been offered any of the Sinclair bonds.

Hays was then recalled to tell why he had not previously told of sending bonds to Mellon. But Hays was no longer the trapped rat, biting himself in frenzy. He was again the eel, squirming away through the fingers of his captors. Nothing was made of him at his last—or latest—appearance on the stand.

A subcommittee of the Walsh committee took the hearings to Chicago for a couple of days, but got little of importance beyond the fact that Ira N. Morris, President Wilson's Minister to Sweden, made an under-cover contribution of $27,500 to the Republican deficit.

Meanwhile, in Washington, Senator Borah had begun the raising of a fund by small contributions to pay back all that Sinclair gave to the Republican Party. He had asked Chairman Butler to attend to this by way of removing some of the stigma from the party, but the Chairman had not replied very encouragingly. So Borah decided to do it himself. He has got, by the latest accounts, $5,000, only five dollars of which, so far as known, has been accounted for, and that by the donor himself. Will Rogers has broadcast the fact that he sent five dollars to Borah—"to make," as he said, "five Republicans respectable." Borah had spoken of raising the money by "contributions of one dollar or more."

Borah is not spoken of to any extent these days as a candidate for the Presidency. But what if a considerable part of the Republican Party should decide to be pure? Or if the rank and file of the party should become excited and do things to relieve its feeling? What, then, of the man who saves the party's self-respect by cramming Sinclair's thousands back into his—shall we say his crude-oil pocket?

Borah can undoubtedly return the Sinclair contribution. But it is difficult to see how he can wipe out Fall and Daugherty and the Little Green House and all the rest of the smelly fruits of that oily campaign.

Still, the Convention is three months away, and a more chaotic pre-convention situation never existed. In it fair reputations are not overly secure. There have been stranger things than Borah for President on the Republican ticket in 1928.

And Walsh on the Democratic?

This correspondent, having ceased to be much of a partisan, is for something that will make an interesting campaign. He has thought of the two authors of the Dawes Plan—Owen D. Young and Charles G. Dawes. But he can see possibilities in Walsh, who uncovered the oil mess, and Borah, who is doing what can be done toward deodorizing it.

But this is a drab and dreary world, not to say a sordid. Nothing that would bring so much excitement is likely to happen.

NONE the less, men of our age appear to be in a mood for speaking frankly just now. John L. Lewis's testimony before another Senate investigating committee—testimony to the effect that the railroads wrecked the United Mine Workers—has not gone unsupported. Thomas Sagle, of the Roseville Coal Company in Ohio, has testified that the Pennsylvania Railroad "willfully and maliciously" tried to put his mine out of business by refusing to buy fuel mined by union labor.

And Chester Penrod, of the Robinson Coal Mine at Crooksville—What's in a name, if any?—corroborated Sagle by testifying that the purchasing agent of the Pennsylvania notified him that no coal mined at Crooksville would be purchased unless notices were posted at the mine that the United Mine Workers would not be recognized in any way.

THOSE things are startling, but here is another more startling still.

The United States Senate, by a vote of 48 to 25, adopted the Norris resolution for Government operation of Muscle Shoals as a nitrate plant in time of war and as a fertilizer plant in time of peace. Of all the Muscle Shoals propositions that have been trailed about Washington for several years past, the Norris plan appeared the least likely of adoption. None the less, when the test came, it was supported by 20 Republicans, 27 Democrats, and the 1 Farmer-Labor Senator.

For the sake of those who fear revolution of our institutions, it is perhaps worth while to recite the names of those who opposed putting the Government into the fertilizer manufacturing business.

Bingham, Curtis, Dale, Edge, Fess, Greene, Hale, McLean, Metcalf, Oddie, Phipps, Reed of Pennsylvania, Sackett, Shortridge, and Willis, Republicans; Bayard, Blease, Bruce, Edwards, Gerry, Harrison, Hawes, King, Steck, and Tydings, Democrats.

NOT allaying the excitement in the least, Edward P. Costigan, the last of the original members of the United States Tariff Commission, has resigned, and has taken occasion in doing so to say that President Coolidge has "helped to wreck the Commission's usefulness" by "refusing to act on decisive evidence that certain tariff rates should be lowered."

Chairman Marvin was characterized by Mr. Costigan as "a tireless and fanatical protectionist, known in Washington as a tariff lobbyist for New England protected interests."

"It is easier," said Mr. Costigan in summing up, "to use the Commission to convert farmers to a mistaken belief in tariff salvation than to apply real and permanent agricultural remedies."

For those who insist upon being told the obvious, we note the fact that Mr. Costigan's resignation was promptly accepted.

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A Call for Mr. Hughes

WHERE are the leaders of the Republican Party? Is it possible that the Republican organization is content to let that once great party be placed in the position of a culprit arraigned and subject to inquisition by its political enemies? What are its managers thinking of that they should remain silent while its recent past is made the target of hostile weapons? Have those who direct the Republican Party's affairs no word to speak in judgment of the deeds that have been disclosed? Have they no care for their party's name? Do they wish to conceal wrong-doing? If they believe that the wrong-doing is sporadic and insignificant, have they no pride in exposing it themselves and justifying their belief before the world? If they believe the wrong-doing deep-seated, are they not concerned in the task of uprooting it?

The President as head of the Republican Party and the Chairman of the Republican National Committee as executive chief of the Republican organization with his executive staff are nominally responsible before the country for what the party as a party does or fails to do; but with them are also responsible all those who are influential in party counsels. Yet the only men in the party who have spoken out so that the whole country has heard are three Senators—Messrs. Borah, Norris, and Capper. None of these is in the National party management. Senator Capper, the last to speak, is of independent nature. Senator Norris is an insurgent. And Senator Borah is notoriously individualistic. The outspoken demand of these Senators that the party repudiate action that has compromised it has, while reflecting credit on themselves, brought small honor to their party. No individual can exonerate the party; the party must exonerate itself.

The first duty of the party leaders in a moral crisis of this kind is to institute action to find out the facts.

In Charles E. Hughes the party has a master inquisitor.

It was his conduct of the insurance investigation twenty-two years ago that first brought him National fame. And his subsequent career, with its political and judicial experience, has established him firmly in the confidence of the country. His integrity is as far beyond question as his ability.

If the Republican leaders wish to re-establish the party in the good opinion of the people and are in earnest in proving that the party wishes to have no partnership in corrupt favoritism, they can begin to serve their party in no better way than by calling upon Mr. Hughes once more to sacrifice his personal interests upon the altar of the public welfare and by giving him a free hand and ample means to uncover party corruption wherever it may be found.

And there is ample scope for all of Mr. Hughes's powers.

In the conduct of the National organization of the Republican Party the Senatorial investigation has laid bare methods that taint with suspicion every policy of the party. If party financing has been dependent in one instance upon contributions from a beneficiary of a party policy, why not in every instance? If the extent of the partnership between the party and such a beneficiary has been concealed by a process of peddling bonds in order that the amount of the beneficiary's contributions might be disguised, what reason is there for believing that such partnership has not been the rule? The question whether the naval oil reserves should have been leased is at least debatable, and that question was first raised under a Democratic, not a Republican Administration; but there is nothing debatable about the question whether a public official and a party treasury should be recipients of money from the lessees. That the leases have been canceled because of fraud in no wise relieves the party in power from responsibility for the transaction. It is not to the credit of the Republican Party that it has left the task of uncovering this wrong-doing to a Democratic prosecutor.

But this mixture of oil and politics is by no means all that the managers of the Republican Party should call upon unfaithful Republican politicians to answer for. A National party in the United States is really a federation of State parties, and Republicans throughout the country are humiliated by party misdeeds in any State. And where have the worst scandals of late years occurred? In States where Republican organizations have been in power.

In Illinois the Republican machine has defied, and defied successfully, the principles of public morality. A Republican municipal party organization allied with the dominant Republican State organization controls Chicago while people gather to pray for deliverance from violence and corruption. A man charged with protecting the interests of the city in its dealings with traction corporations is supported in his candidacy for the United States Senate by contributions from the head of a public utility corporation; and after exclusion from the Senate seeks "vindication" at the hands of the Republican organization.

In Indiana two Republican Governors are indicted—one convicted and the other escaping full trial only by the statute of limitations—and other Republican officials are involved in corruption.

In Pennsylvania the dominant Republican machines stand convicted in the tribunal of public opinion as guilty of practices destructive of free self-government.

In Ohio Republican politics have produced the Ohio gang that was the center of the scandals of the Harding Administration.

Even in New York, the one outstanding case in the administration of a State office that has been subject to investigation and is now under consideration by the Attorney-General is that of an elected Republican official.

American prosperity has been far above the level of prosperity in most of the rest of the world. Has that prosperity been gained at the cost of sensitiveness to moral values? Has the Republican Party come to think that this prosperity is sufficient guaranty to it of security in its place of power? Is Jeshurun, the righteous little people, grown thick and covered with fatness?

If Theodore Roosevelt were living today, can any one doubt what he would be saying to the party of which he was the indisputable leader when he was President? It is not necessary to imagine what he would be saying, for we know what

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he did say. He was merciless in his flagellations of those party managers who were either corrupt themselves or indifferent to corruption; but he was equally vigorous in his condemnation of those who accuse the honest man of dishonesty. "It is essential," he said, "that the public should know the character of its servants." "When I was President," he said, and repeated in similar words, "I sought so to carry myself that there should not be any need of saying, 'Put the other party in to turn the rascals out,' because I would turn them out myself." And by the dishonest man he meant not merely the man who had been convicted in a court of law. He scorned to limit the use of the word "honesty" to mere "law-honesty." Roosevelt's words uttered eighteen years ago need to be proclaimed today: "The first man to attack a scoundrel in any party should be the man of that party."

Has the Republican Party so soon forgotten the lesson of 1912?

There is no issue of policy today that is comparable to this issue of plain political morality.

No candidate's personal honesty is going to be sufficient answer to the question of party honor and party responsibility. President Coolidge's integrity is not in question, but the integrity of his party is. What word of summons to reform is to come from the White House? Today Herbert Hoover is undoubtedly the leading candidate for the Republican nomination. He is entering the lists against Senator Willis in the State of the Ohio gang and against Senator Watson in the State of the Indiana scandals. What word is to come from Herbert Hoover calling upon the Republican voters to register their judgment upon the management of their party in those States? What word has he to say to those Republicans throughout the Nation who want their party to be worthy of Lincoln and Roosevelt?

Has any Republican Party manager or Presidential candidate the courage and ability to take the moral leadership that will carry the Republican Party, if not to victory, at least to a restored self-respect?

On the War-Path for Peace

NOTHING new appeared, it is true, in Secretary Kellogg's address before the Council on Foreign Relations in New York regarding what he called "the war prevention policy of the United States." But the speech had the great value of summing up the American case for a general treaty with other Powers renouncing war as an instrument of national policy and of making clear what the United States will and will not do.

We know conclusively now what could be assumed before—that the Administration has dedicated itself to the achievement of a general treaty and will pursue it persistently. We know that it will exclude from arbitration domestic questions, such as immigration, and that it will not exclude those unpredictable questions which have been covered by the language of diplomacy in the past as involving "vital interest and national honor." We know that it will not agree to arbitration of political questions, which are reserved for conciliation and mediation, but will limit obligatory arbitration to "justiciable" questions coming within the scope of international law. And we know that, having concluded a new arbitration treaty with France, it will push ahead with its program of negotiating similar treaties with Great Britain, Germany, Italy, and Japan—in other words, with all the Powers it would like to unite in a general agreement against war without involving or interfering with commitments to the League of Nations.

Secretary Kellogg's program is broadly conceived within realistic limits—the limits of the extent to which the Senate and the people of the United States would probably be willing to go in establishing a system of safeguards against war. And there can be only praise for the patience and perseverance with which he goes on with the effort to persuade Europe to accept the program and make it effective.

A Tough Old Dragon

THERE are some dragons that have their heads chopped off so often that their necks look like nothing else than one large scar, and yet they seem to keep on living to provide entertainment and instruction for each rising generation of St. Georges.

One of our favorite dragons is the creature who persists in trying to get pet hobbies into the public schools under the guise of science or religion. This dragon and his drivers are never satisfied to let the teachers themselves decide, as the only qualified experts, as to what is beneficial or detrimental in our school curriculums. Sometimes the dragon labels himself Evolutionist and sometimes Fundamentalist. He has perhaps, most frequently dressed himself up as a Temperance Reformer.

Some twenty-five years ago he made a successful foray in New York State and forced through the Legislature a bill requiring that text-books on physiology should conform to the dictates, not of science, but of the W. C. T. U. This law prescribed exactly the amount of temperance instruction that should be given children and what this instruction should be. The fact that this instruction had the noble motive of saving school-children from drunkenness and crime in no way lessens the dangers that are involved in the situation. If one group of enthusiasts can force the schools to teach that one glass of beer makes a drunkard, what is to prevent another class of enthusiasts, when they get the upper hand, from forcing the schools to teach that whisky is food?

The fact that this law had fallen into abeyance was recently noted in an order to the New York schools to see that it was enforced. The only thing to do with the law is to strike it from the statute-books and trust the teachers of New York State to teach physiology as a science rather than as a by-product of moral reform. We don't believe that the teachers of New York State are going to encourage drinking among their pupils even if they are given a free hand to approach the problem of alcoholic beverages from a purely scientific point of view. What they teach of their own free spirit will have ten times the educational value of that which is forced upon them contrary to their understanding of the laws of nature.

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Our Bosses

A Survey of the Republican and Democratic National Committees

By THEODORE A HUNTLEY

Will Hays has already answered one of Mr. Huntley's questions: "Where do National Committees get the money to finance Presidential campaigns?" Disclosures in Washington and the imminent campaign make this a timely contribution to The Outlook's series of political papers. The author is Washington correspondent of the Pittsburgh "Post-Gazette."

IF we accept the principle of majority rule in government, it is clear that there must be some agency through which the majority may make its will effective, and through which the minority may oppose it. The party system supplies the answer. Like most of our institutions, it has been a natural growth, deriving its authority and vigor from our political habits and necessities. It is true that there is nothing to prevent the formation of any number of parties, each speaking for a section of public opinion. If we have come to regard the two-party system as best suited to our needs, it is because experience has shown that responsibility is more readily fixed where one party is given control of the Government, with a militant minority to serve as a check on its excesses.

So it is that we have two major parties, and, having two parties, two National Committees which to some extent guide their destinies.

Historically and in its essence, the National Committee is a creature of the National Convention. It is the lineal descendant of the committees of correspondence whose activities did so much to further the spread of political ideas in the colonial period and subsequently, down to the time when political parties were organized on a more systematic basis. Such powers as the National Committees exercise are derived, with few exceptions, from the National Conventions. Under modern practice, however, the Committees have at times assumed without protest a jurisdiction in connection with the Conventions not contemplated in the original grant of authority.

Illustrative of the interlocking relationship between the Conventions and the Committees, it may be recalled that the Republican National Committee, smarting under the criticism that the Republican Party in the Southern States is simply a skeleton organization made up of job-holders, not all of them of the most reputable variety, took steps in 1924—but only after having been directed by a preceding National Convention to do so—to reduce the representation of the South and increase the representation of the North, where the party is numerically strong. The effect of this change is to give the delegates from the Republican States a larger voice than those from normally Democratic States in the selection of the nominee for President and Vice-President. Experience has shown only too often that the colored brethren from the South, if not in politics solely for what they can get out of it, are easily persuaded by prosperous and practical politicians who use them for their own questionable ends.

Because the Democratic Party clings to the white tradition, its Committee has not had to deal with this particular problem. It has its own puzzle, however, in the fact that the delegate strength of the States which customarily return Republican pluralities is greater than that of the States which regularly go Democratic. In this situation, the Democratic States, with the support of enough Northern or Western sympathizers to make their position practically impregnable, have held fast to the two-thirds rule in Democratic Conventions. This rule makes a two-thirds vote necessary to nominate Presidential candidates, whereas in Republican Conventions the choice is determined by the majority. It is the safeguard of the Solid South against what some Southern Democrats fear might develop into objectionable domination by delegates from States generally regarded as safely Republican, or which, as in the case of the Tammany organization of New York or the Brennan organization in Chicago, have little in common with the Democracy of the South and West. The Republicans, in changing their own basis of representation, sought to apply the same principle in a different way and in modified measure. In each instance it is reasoned that the States which may be depended upon to make a good party showing in the Presidential election should have more to say in the selection of the nominees than those States which the party has little or no chance to carry.

Broadly, the National Committees are made up of one man and one woman from each State and Territory. They may be chosen by popular vote, by State committees or conventions, or by delegates to the National Convention, the procedure varying in different States. The Republicans have 106 members; the Democrats, who recognize the Canal Zone in addition to the Territories and the District of Columbia, have 108 members.

BOTH Committees maintain permanent headquarters in Washington. In campaign years temporary regional headquarters are established in New York and Chicago. Between campaigns the permanent headquarters are in charge of a small executive staff and a National Chairman, who is chosen by the new National Committee at the close of each National Convention. It is the custom to permit the Presidential nominee to designate the National Chairman, on the ground that, as it is his candidacy which is at stake, there should be some one at the helm with whom he can work in harmony, and who will carry out his ideas and instructions when he desires to give personal direction to the campaign. The responsibility of the National Committee itself in this connection is therefore nominal.

In Presidential years the headquarters staffs of the National Committees are rapidly expanded by the employment of large numbers of publicity specialists and campaign assistants. There are secretaries and stenographers, strategists and solicitors, and, of course, large numbers of public speakers. The political machinery is speeded up from the moment the Conventions adjourn. From then until election day in November the pace is steadily increased, fed by a steady flow of campaign contributions.

In the main, the responsibility of the National Committee is threefold:

1. To raise money by popular or private subscription for use in the National campaign.

2. To carry on party propaganda of the sort calculated to win votes and strengthen the party's position.

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3. To choose the Convention city and arrange for the National Conventions.

So far as the National Conventions are concerned, the National Committees have this much additional authority, and no more:

They choose the city in which the Convention is to be held, influenced in some degree by the financial guaranties accompanying the invitations; make all advance arrangements for the reception, eating, and entertainment of delegates and party followers; supply the money for the Convention expenses; make up the temporary roll; and to some extent man the machine which grinds out the Convention's decisions. But all final decisions are made by the Convention itself. In the selection of the nominees the National Committees are voiceless, except as National Committeemen may be influential in their individual capacities.

THIS brings us to another phase of the subject, for the National Committeeman not infrequently is the most influential party leader in his State. Competition for membership on the National Committee is keen. Committeemen receive no salary. They pay their own expenses. All they get out of it is the honor and power which the appointment brings in any given case. Where a State not represented in Washington by Senators or Congressmen of the party in power at the moment, it is the National Committeeman of that party who, as a rule, controls the political patronage of his State. He is consulted by the President in appointing collectors of internal revenue, United States marshals, United States judges, Federal district attorneys, and postmasters. This in itself makes him a political power, or, more accurately, increases his power, for he does not become National Committeeman unless he is something of a local political boss.

So it is that the National Committeemen, as individuals, frequently play an important part in National Conventions. They may do so as delegates, as men who control all or a part of their own state delegations, or in both capacities. But the moment the Convention is organized they cease to function as National Committeemen, and become simply party leaders, their influence varying in proportion to their prestige. When the Convention adjourns, the new Committeemen convene once more as the National Committee, to elect the Chairman chosen by the Presidential nominee. Thereafter they may not meet again for one, two, or four years. The Chairman chosen at that time serves generally until the next National Convention, when the process is repeated. In the interim he must necessarily call the Committee together at least once to make arrangements for the Convention.

Party propaganda may be disposed of in a paragraph. The term is broad enough to include political pamphlets, editorial clip-sheets, newspaper releases, speeches, or statements by the Chairman. Or the National Committee, through its headquarters staff or National Chairman, may supply data or suggest a course of action to party spokesmen in Congress, and possibly inspire speeches designed to aid the party cause. With the co-operation of party adherents in public life, it may broadcast these documents under a Government frank. Or a Chairman with more energy than ethics may send emissaries about the country, spreading political poison where it will do the most good from a party standpoint. The whispering campaign, although among the more cowardly and contemptible devices of politics, is not the least effective. The whispers need not necessarily contain more than a modicum of truth, if any. They serve their purpose if they have a tendency to bring the rival party or candidate into disrepute in the minds of the voters. It is not to be assumed that all campaigns are characterized by such conspiracies, nor that all campaign Chairmen or party leaders employ or sanction such tactics.

WHERE do the National Committees get the money to finance Presidential campaigns, involving expenditures running into the millions? We come now to another side of politics, and perceive at once that there are those who look upon a campaign contribution less as a gift than as an investment. And not as bread cast upon the waters, to come back after many days, but as money with a string to it, and that string a promise, spoken or implied, that the contributor will be rewarded in a practical way if the party to whom the contribution is made succeeds in electing its candidates. His reward may be an appointment to high office, a lease on a naval oil reserve, a "pipe line" into the White House or some Government department like the Treasury, a readjustment of the tariff, or simply the assurance that the policies of the new Administration will be satisfactory to the man or group of men making the donation. Undoubtedly, there are a few big contributors who write campaign checks out of pure patriotism and loyalty to party principles, but no one familiar with the identities of the larger contributors can look over the list year after year without becoming convinced that there is a very definite *quid pro quo* in the case of numerous contributions.

A single illustration will suffice to show the system in operation:

In 1920, and afterward, it was commonly reported that three men had underwritten the Republican campaign. Contributions were received from many sources, naturally, in large and small amounts. But the triumvirate in question, according to the general understanding, agreed in substance to guarantee any sum which Will H. Hays, of Indiana, then Chairman of the Republican National Committee, thought necessary to elect Mr. Harding President of the United States. The three men named were Brigadier-General T. Coleman Du Pont, of Delaware; Harry Sinclair, of New York; and William Wrigley, of Chicago. Now that particular story may or may not have been true, but the fact remains that these three individuals were among the heaviest contributors to the Republican campaign of that year. Well, it may be asked, what of it? Did they not have a right to contribute? No one can deny that they did. Was not their contribution lawful? Undoubtedly it was. Had they not contributed to Republican campaigns before, and have they not contributed since? The same answer must be made. But mark what happened after the Harding Administration came into power:

First, Harry Sinclair obtained a lease on the Teapot Dome Naval Oil Reserve in Wyoming, since canceled by the courts on the ground that the transaction was "tainted with fraud and corruption."

Second, the Du Ponts, largest manufacturers of chemical dyes in the United States, obtained an embargo excluding German importations until they could perfect their own processes and fortify their newly won position in the industry.

Third, the commodity known as chicle, the raw material from which chewing-gum is made, was transferred when the tariff law was revised under the Harding Administration from the dutiable list to the free list, thereby presenting sundry millions to Mr. Wrigley and his associates, the largest manufacturers of this product in the United States.

As a business proposition, it was perhaps fair enough. The leaders of the Republican Party obtained sinews of

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Then and Now

By CHASE S. OSBORN

If Chase Osborn is convinced that the human race is getting better from generation to generation, the philosophy of optimism is considerably fortified. He has been a reporter, publisher, prospector, and Governor of Michigan. He "has gone to places and seen things." Incidentally, he was one of the most interesting contributors to the second volume of Mark Sullivan's history of "Our Times."

I AM just as certain as a temperament that is cock-sure can be that the young people and the world and society and old people, too, are better than they were a half-century ago.

What right have I to an opinion?

My memory is clear for a period beginning sixty years ago until the present. I am not high, low, jack, and the game, but I think it is fair to myself to claim to be one of the four points of the Old Sledge of the game of life. My family came over in one of the Mayflowers, but I'd just as soon it had been an August flower or September. "Who's Who" has me, and the list of first families made by the publisher of "Who's Who" includes mine.

At a proper period in my life I was plunged by the complete failure of my father from plenty into abject, hungry poverty. That did two great things for me: it gave me a sympathetic quality I am certain I might not have had otherwise, and it equipped me to see the lower or other planes of society that I might have missed unless catapulted into them by tremendous necessity.

I might go on and state other reasons for the right to an opinion. I have been in college and in the alley, and I have earned as honest a living at newspaper work in all its phases as the average man. These experiences have trained me to see and record.

First day at school I ran home in terror. There were two teachers, a woman and a man. What they fought about I do not know. But they did fight. The woman licked the man. That gave me a new measure of women. Next time I went to school a little girl led me, and I felt safe.

Soon after another tragedy occurred. Our house was on fire in the night. As I awakened with the others I saw little snaky red flames coming through the floors from the cellar. Terrified, I ran out naked and scratched my legs severely running wild in a patch of gooseberry bushes.

Rapidly I was outfolding into a boy. By the time I was ten I began to see little girls eying me and preferring me. They did the same with other boys, and some of the girls at ten had four or five kids running errands for them, drawing them on sleds, skating with them, and acting as general henchboys. I must have been nearly eleven when Fatty Tyner came to me to tell me a "sekurt." He said Jane Wiggums had caught him in the hall at school and had hugged him and kissed him. He said he liked it, and wished she would do it again. I asked him if he did anything, and he said he just took it. I wondered if Jane would do the same to me, but she didn't. Quite soon another one did, and I liked it too. But I was not boy enough to pursue the girl without offering more than myself as compensation. So I trapped a rabbit and took it to her and asked to trade it for a kiss. She told me she didn't like rabbits, because her mother said they were like cats, but that it wasn't required to trade a rabbit for a kiss. Whereupon she gave me ten or more. I liked them even better than the first ones, and they made me warm.

IN a year or so more I was ready for parties. We played at first ring-around-a-rosy, and drop-the-handkerchief, and such like. A girl would circle around behind the ring of boys and girls and drop a kerchief behind a boy and run. If the boy was not too bashful, he chased the girl and kissed her right there. If he was not bold enough, he bided time and kissed and hugged her when there was no one around; and we knew she was his girl. All this was before I was twelve. Different games came in the teens. We danced to jazzy sing-song marches and we sang. One of these songs rings in my ears as I write this down. It was:

Now you're married, you must obey,
You must be true to all you say;
Live together all your life,
And we'll pronounce you man and
wife.

This act was in a circle of boys and girls holding hands and marching back and forth. Some of us took this literally and considered ourselves really married. I know several childhood unions made thus in fun that endured for a lifetime. Most of them, however, understood it was just a game. I think all who wished knew there was nothing in earnest about the marriage.

Another song we sang in Indiana on the banks of the Wabash and the banks of the Tippecanoe and the banks of the Mississinawa and Salamonie, too, was "Buffalo Girls." This song was indeed quite wild, and the words differed a little according to locality. As we sang it the words were:

Oh, Buffalo gals, are you coming out
tonight?
Oh, Buffalo gals, are you coming out
tonight?
Oh, Buffalo gals, are you coming out
tonight?
To dance by the side of me?

An' I danced with a gal with a hole
in her stockin',
An' her knees kep' a-knockin',
An' her toes kep' a-rockin',
An' I danced with a gal with a hole
in her stockin',
The purtiest gal that roams.

We thought that devilish, and it was. Once in a while a girl would hold aloof early in the evening and would not let a boy put his arms around her to swing her. Later in the evening, when the games and dances warmed up, these girls, who never were popular, would get into the swing of things and act naturally. Some of the girls would help the boys with all their might to make a success of the dance. They would squeeze in and the boys would hug them until they would grunt with delight and enjoyment.

Another favorite song for dancing was "Weevily Wheat," for, mind you, the fiddle was taboo. The ban on the fiddle wasn't all religious. Old folks said the boy who played the fiddle "wuz wuthless." "Weevily Wheat," next to "Buffalo Girls," was the most popular of all.

We won't have none o' yer weevily
wheat,

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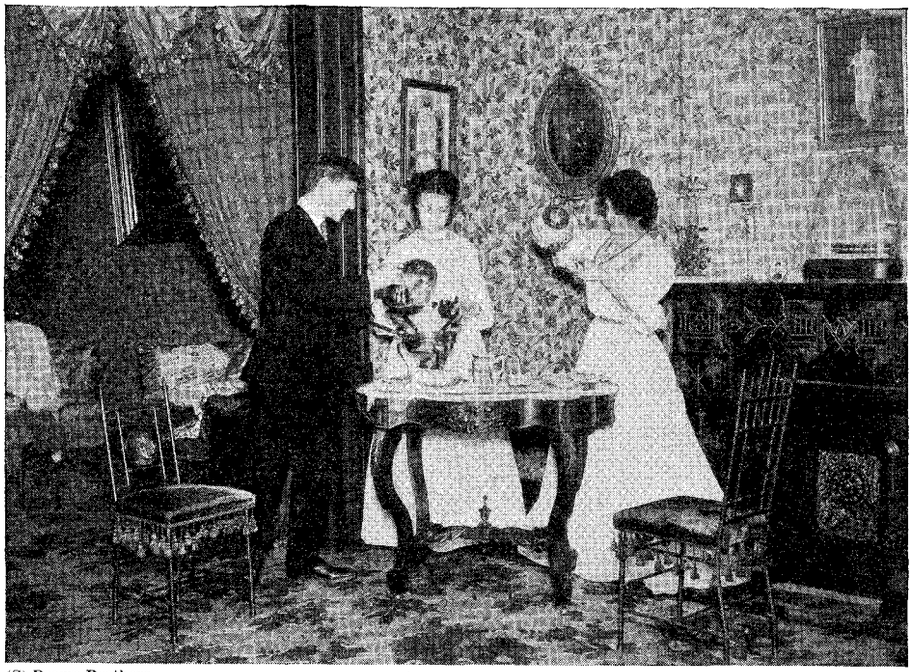

(C) Brown Brothers

High jinks of a generation ago

We won't have none o' yer barley;
Nuthin' but the best of wheat,
To make a cake for Charley.

Higher up the cherry tree,
Riper grow the cherries;
More you hug and kiss the gurls;
Quicker they will marry.

It seemed to work too.

About this time I began to hear "bad" stories and hear tough songs. Approaching fourteen, these things came swiftly with other sophistications. Newspapers advertised marriage guides, and every boy and girl had one. Big Lib had a bagnio where the program of the Moulin Rouge would have been considered religious. It was a place of tone, as those things go. So far as I know, it was never raided. The best men in town went to the naked dances. They were quite bold about it until a paper printed in Chicago called the "Street Gazette," and which was interdicted both by the local authorities and the Postal Department, began to print the list of attendants at Big Lib's parties. I used to walk out towards the Wild Cat Creek and get a keg in which these papers were thrown out of the baggage car. Sometimes when the party was wilder than usual I got a dollar apiece for the "Street Gazette." Once in a while some man would buy and destroy all of them. At least he thought he had them all. A hold-out would bring ten dollars.

I was talking the other day with Congressman Mapes, of Michigan, about Mark Sullivan's book. Referring to some of my contributions to the book, Carl Mapes said he would hate to have to recite the songs and the stories he learned when a boy, and which he had in vain tried to forget. And Carl is a vintage younger than I.

We fought in church. A bit earlier men and women fought about the war in all gatherings. There were riots at every election between the Protestants and the Catholics. Every Protestant boy thought he ought to kill a priest or two and firmly believed there was no such thing as a virtuous nun. Catholic boys may not have been quite as bad as that, but they were bad enough. There were clans of Protestant hill boys and Micks of the Plank Road. We would steal out over the kitchen roofs after our parents thought we were asleep and fight it out. There would be the David and Goliath act. Each side might choose a champion. Both would be searched for a key that might be held in such manner between the fingers that the fighter could easily gouge the eye out of his opponent, and for brass "knucks." Most always one or the other would succeed in secreting some weapon that would leave a mark for life, or even kill.

THEN the Micks would catch us in the old swimmin' hole and would tie and dirty our clothing in an unmentionable manner and yell "chawed beef and roasted mutton" at us as we used our teeth to untangle our shirts. We had no underwear. We did the same to them if we caught them. We used to lay for each other. I learned to swim by plunging into the wide-water, an impoundment of the old Wabash and Erie Canal, as I ran naked through sand burs to escape the Micks. It was either drown or swim, so somehow I swam. Another narrow escape I had was trying to crawl into my home through a window in my father's bedroom after an escapade while he thought me in bed. I was thirteen. My father awoke. He nailed me over the head with an iron poker, and they had a time bringing me to. He thought I was a burglar. I have not crawled into a window at night since.

Chicago in those days was wide open, as Edna Ferber tells so vividly in "Show Boat." This I saw at its height. The red-light district was where the Board of Trade is now. Milwaukee was as bad as Chicago in some ways. Saloon licenses were the lowest in Milwaukee, and the saloons were the best regulated, if anything best can be said ever to have been connected with a saloon. Girls went to Milwaukee Gardens and Schlitz Park and Bueddemann's-on-the-River.

Then I went to the northern frontier and saw the stockades and helped organize vigilantes and shoot girl-runners and burn stockaded fortresses of prostitution. Some of them had hungry, ferocious timber wolves chained at either side of the entrance. Not twenty per cent of the frontier people in some spots would pass as decent by the low standards of that time. Sex morals were as rotten on our frontiers as in the Orient, where I once saw good John T. McCutcheon trying to rescue a twelve-year-old girl from a man who had her for sale. I think John bought her and turned her loose, only to have her gathered in and sold again.

Just as I was coming on the American stage the era of "bundling" was going out. They would pile all hands into one room, no matter whether strangers or not. When a young woman and man were engaged, they used to knit a sock big enough for two feet and put it on both the young people and leave them alone, sometimes in bed. This was not exactly trial marriage, but akin to it. Up to a short time ago it was common, and still is in remote localities, to put the bride and groom to bed for the first night. That was the great lark of all the younger friends after the charavari was over.

NOW what became of these young people I knew? Not one went to the bad, as the saying goes. Women

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Husbands, Wives, and Pocketbooks

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

When both husband and wife are wage-earners, how shall they divide up? Shall her wages relieve him of the responsibility of providing pin money, or should she assume some of the cost of coal and groceries? And if the latter, what shall be remitted her in payment of her inescapable household duties? Here is a strictly modern problem. The author is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

A FEW years ago in New York City a Mrs. Weinberg, if that was the name, sued her husband to recover a thousand dollars she said she had lent him. She had squeezed it bit by bit out of her housekeeping allowance through many years of married life, and she now maintained, not unreasonably one would suppose, that the money was hers. Great was the indignation among the feminists when the Court denied her claim, because, under the common law, she was entitled to no compensation other than board and keep for her services in the home. The thousand dollars, representing the profit from those services, belonged to Mr. Weinberg.

Although it came up as recently as 1925, this type of domestic crisis smells of the past. Discussions of household finance seem to have revolved formerly around the question of how much, if anything, a wife was worth in cold cash, and how much, therefore, her husband ought to hand over on Saturday night. But married couples of this generation are vexed by a more complicated problem; namely, when the wife as well as the husband is producing revenue, how shall they divide up? Is her income simply pin money to squander as she sees fit? Or should she join in assuming the financial responsibilities of the family, and, if so, how far should she go? Already some people are wondering how long it will be before a much-tried husband has his wife in court because she flings her personal earnings about for sports, roadsters, and silver-fox scarves, leaving him to stagger along with the household bills.

The United States Census confirms an observation anybody can make for himself; it shows a steady increase in the number of married women working outside their homes. The proportion of wives thus occupied in 1890 was less than five in a hundred; in 1920 it was nine in a hundred, and the numbers had increased from half a million to almost two million. These totals naturally include a far greater number of women in industry than of professional women; yet the 1920 Census lists 124,000 married women in the professions, an increase of 40 per cent over 1910.

OF the wives I know who are practicing self-expression, nearly all have some sort of understanding with their husbands as to what they shall do with the proceeds. And hardly two of these arrangements are alike. One girl tells me she buys her own clothes. Another, "We blow in my money on extras—trips abroad, antiques, anything extravagant. Some years," she added dolefully, "we spend it for an operation." Another pays the maid's wages and saves the rest.

You can multiply instances to suit yourself. But you will notice, I think, how often the lady clings to the old familiar assumption that her money is her own, while her husband's money belongs to both of them. She is modern enough about insisting on her career, but when it comes to hanging onto the lion's share of the income she displays pre-war feminine psychology. I know a woman who seems to the scandalized bystanders the perfect type of this. She is an advertising-copy writer in one of the big agencies, with a salary of $10,000 a year; her husband is a lawyer, and, while his income is half again as large, this difference is far from enough to make her contribution negligible. But she spends her money on clothes, jaunts, and to indulge a taste for playing the stock market. All the burden of an extravagant way of living and of providing for that dull abstraction, the future, she gayly leaves to her husband. This lady is a feminist and a member of the Lucy Stone League. She would be extremely withering toward any one who suggested that she stay home and keep house for her husband. But her brand of feminism seems just a bit too much like trying to eat your cake and have it too.

And what about the woman who is endowed by good luck with a comfortable income, instead of earning it by her own efforts? Is she, I wonder, any more justified in keeping it to herself? Everybody knows at least one wife who has an inherited income as large as what her husband makes, but who considers that raising the children and supporting herself are the province of the male. Now and then she comes to his rescue in a great glow of generosity, as though she were a parent extending financial aid to a child. A few years ago nobody thought of criticising her attitude, and if her husband entertained doubts as to its justice he kept them to himself. In this day such ideas seem to require a little overhauling, to say the least.

On the other hand, there are wives who are so anxious to avoid the implication of selfishness that they have rushed to the opposite extreme, and in so doing have created a situation that seems just as unreasonable in its way. I have a friend, a well-paid fashion artist, whose husband is an editor. Enjoying, between them, a very comfortable income, they pool every cent they make in a joint checking account, out of which they pay all expenses from personal wearing apparel to the baby's tuition at a nursery school. Their savings are divided more or less evenly, part being put in each one's name. My friend does not regard a dollar of her earnings as her own, nor does she think of spending it for her own purposes without deferring to the convenience of the entire family.

She admits that the scheme has its defects. "It takes most of the fun out of giving presents to each other," she says. "And it limits you in other ways. This year I'd have liked to send a Christmas gift to a distant cousin of mine, just because I like her. But it couldn't be classed with one of our numerous family obligations, so I felt that I mustn't."

LEAVING aside a number of other palpable absurdities, what, one would like to ask, becomes of the modern idea of marriage under such a system as this? What is the point of a husband and wife hanging onto their separate individualities if, to put it crudely, they cannot spend any money on them? And what, too, becomes of that old friend, economic independence for women?

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One concludes that there must be some way out of the domestic financial tangle which avoids any such preposterous extremes as the ones I have described. For a starting-point, we may take it for granted that any self-respecting modern wife wants to pay her share of the family upkeep. But what is her share? Fifty-fifty? That assessment seems a trifle heavy for most women as yet, while female emancipation is still admittedly in its infancy and almost every woman's labor is rewarded on a lower scale than that of a man. A proportional contribution, prorated according to the size of her income as against her husband's income? Perhaps.

But the hitch in most people's calculations is that they forget to allow for the wife's activities in running the home, just as Mr. Weinberg and the common law failed to allow anything for Mrs. Weinberg's activities. For, although the new-style wife may spend her days in an office and employ one or more servants at home, she is still personally responsible for many of a woman's traditional duties. In other words, she really has two jobs. And she deserves remuneration for one as well as for the other.

An illuminating guess, at least, can be made as to what a wife's domestic labor is worth cash down. A few years ago a woman's organization in New York desired the services of an up-State member for two months on a particular campaign. The member did practically everything for a household consisting of husband and two children, and in order to get her to join them the group of city women had to assure her that they would pay to have her domestic work done in her absence. To do after a fashion the duties of cook, housekeeper, nurse, and financial secretary it was necessary to hire two women. A widowed neighbor was persuaded to come and keep house, cook, and do the mending, and a nurse was brought from Rochester for the eight-months-old baby. The two together cost the organization $160 a month. The husband made $150 a month, and was much surprised, as most husbands would be, to learn, not only that his wife contributed anything of cash value, but that she contributed more than he did.

The story has a direct bearing on this discussion, because, however hard a working wife may try to delegate the bulk of her housework to servants, there remains a formidable burden of detail which she must shoulder herself; assuming, that is, that there are children, as I am assuming throughout. Without children there is no special problem. Consider the daily routine of an average working couple of the prosperous professional sort. Mr. Jones has an unhurried breakfast, tucks his newspaper under his arm, and proceeds to his law office, let us say, where he arrives about ten o'clock with a mind unencumbered by trivial concerns. Mrs. Jones arrives at her office also at ten o'clock. But before getting there she has summoned the janitor to fix a leaking refrigerator, ordered the food for dinner, and typed a note to the laundry pointing out that they have omitted to return a sheet. Then she dashes for the office, and for the next three hours concentrates on the details of business. But during her luncheon interval she has to get in some shopping for the children. At the end of the day Mr. Jones comes home, relaxes in a comfortable chair, and plays with the children. Mrs. Jones too makes a point of being with the children at this time, but before dressing for a dinner party she writes two notes accepting or declining invitations and pays a flock of bills. And so it goes.

THANKS to the foregoing, it is possible to establish one guide-post amid the financial complexities of married life. The wife ought to be allowed a definite salary for the work she does at home. No one can prescribe what the sum should be for individual cases, but one would say that it ought to be at least as much as a housekeeper receives.

There is yet another item to be reckoned with, and that is one of costs. To many a girl setting out in a glow of optimism on her first post-marital job it all looks so simple. With what she earns added to what her husband earns the resulting prosperity, on paper, is quite dazzling. But she soon finds that it works out far less brilliantly than she had planned, because self-expression has rather a heavy overhead, with additional servants, more room in which to house them, extra food, and all the rest of it.

In fact, it may well happen that the little woman's career, instead of helping out the family purse, is just one more drain, especially if she has not yet got a firm foothold in her profession before she married. One young woman, for instance, had been married five years, and had been tied down all that time with the care of a home and a baby. At last she and her husband decided that they could afford to launch her on the career she had always wanted in the field of decorative art, and they engaged a full-time maid to take care of the child. The wife showed striking imagination and ability, but she had lost her professional connections. It took time to build a clientele; the work, which was making screens, was difficult and costly; it was some months before she sold anything. By the time she did her expenses had run away ahead of her profits, and it may take her a year or two merely to break even.

Now turn to the most favorable cases of wives with firm professional standing and dependable, good-sized incomes. Even these women find, if they have children, that the costs of their career, in increased home expenses, eat up a third or more of what they earn. I can cite the experience of one woman who has two children and who is head of the women's bond department of a New York bank.

"We have one additional servant in consequence of my work," she has told me. "We have three altogether. Just now the extra one is a trained baby nurse, whom we pay $95 a month. But next year we'll have to have a governess, and they get $125, if they're good. I count $30 a month per person for food, and $25 for each maid's room. But so far we have only had to have one room (for the cook), because the housemaid lives out and the nurse stays in the room with the children.

"Then there is an item which wouldn't come into everybody's case, but I may as well speak of it. I have to allow about $45 a month for taxis, because I take one every day to the mid-town branch bank where I work, and back at night. It sounds like rank extravagance, but I find it pays to save my strength even that little bit.

"My last red-ink entry is for clothes. If you have a job, you need more good-looking frocks, and you wear them harder."

In view of so much, there is nothing excessive in the lady's conclusion that $200 a month must be deducted from her gross earnings of a little over $500, although the figure need hardly be so stiff for a couple with a more modest way of living. These reckonings serve nevertheless to set up a second guide-post, which is that a wife should contribute to the family at least as much as her career costs it.

UP to the present sociological organizations have devoted very little attention to this new development of the ancient problem of conjugal finance. The only one so far as I know which has endeavored to set up a standard is the National Woman's Party, whose proposed amendment to the Domestic

(*Please turn to continuation, page 520*)

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

Luck

ON an evening in Paris not long ago two friends sat in a café together. This was a treat. Each one was a man of responsibilities. To one of them it was a constant amazement that so large a family as his should be associated with so small a purse. To the other life was also difficult, although, alas! he had not the consolation of children.

It was not often that these friends had the few francs to secure for themselves the precious minutes in which to discuss life and its chances. Was not everything, for instance, a matter of chance? Why should one man have everything, and another nothing? Why should one man bring more lives into the world than he could well support, and another be unable to find himself a family? Much of life was certainly luck; otherwise, would one need to work so hard in order to arrive at nothing? The evening grew late. At length the two friends in a melancholy glow of affection and philosophy left the café together. The father of a family stumbled slightly —what was that? Only a few white beads dropped carelessly on the pavement to trip somebody's feet. But the good friend stooped down—no, no! wait a moment! These would at least amuse the children. A little difficult, perhaps, stooping down in the dark to find so many beads rolling in all directions. But at last they had eighty-two of them—certainly enough to amuse the children.

It was the next afternoon that the father of a family bought himself an evening paper. Glancing leisurely down a column, he felt his jaw drop suddenly. A necklace—eighty-two matched pearls —four thousand dollars in American money! A reward of two hundred! This was incredible! This was monstrous! And that youngest baby of his —so intent upon swallowing! What had he done with those beads? Inarticulate with anxiety, the father of five rushed home. Had the children swallowed anything? Where were those beads? He counted them: one, two, three, all the way to eighty-two again. Then he rushed to an address in the newspaper.

At the address a lady could never thank him enough—here was two hundred dollars. Was he, perhaps, a family man? Five children? Here was three hundred dollars!

The two friends met solemnly that evening. For a while they were not so much concerned with the philosophy of life—they were too busy figuring out how many evenings at the café could be secured for three hundred American dollars.

A Husband

FIVE years ago there was a young Southern woman beginning to think about getting married. Not that she had definitely decided upon any one, but she was at that age when thoughts are blown upon by the high wind of romance. She was not a rich young woman —her worldly possessions, apart from her wardrobe, amounted to one diamond ring, two watches, and about thirty-one dollars in cash. This was hardly sufficient bait for fortune-hunters.

Nevertheless, it is discouraging to lose what little wealth one has; and when the ring, the two watches, and the thirty-one dollars suddenly and unaccountably disappeared this young person notified the police and sent descriptions to all the pawn-shops. But it was no use. Her material advantages were gone. She must rely now exclusively upon her charm and disposition.

At least there was one man who loved her for herself alone, for soon after her loss she was married. The marriage was very like other marriages, happy at first, but with the usual difficulties, and maybe more than the usual quarrels. Dispositions are not always what they appear to be. The quarrels grew worse.

There was a particularly violent quarrel the other day. After it the young husband rushed out of the house in high dudgeon. He did not return, but the next morning the wife received a telephone call. Would she come down to Headquarters? She would be pleased to know that a little matter had been cleared up. A little matter of jewelry.

At Headquarters a beaming official restored to her hand two watches and a diamond ring. Pretty good, eh, for the police force! Still on the job after five years! And when these things were pawned yesterday, they nabbed their man like a shot. What did she want to do about it? Prosecute? Here was the prisoner.

The wife of five years turned curious eyes upon the prisoner. She looked a long while. He may have married her for her charm and good disposition, but he has eighteen months now in which to think it over, in jail.

Legs

LOST somewhere in the darkened blocks of Third Avenue—in the shadow that comes from the leafless beams of the elevated, there is a little basement shop of curios.

A young man, out to buy a birthday present for a girl, hurried down the little steps and pushed open a door that rang a bell. There was no one there. He waited.

From the dusty, shadowy recesses, looking as though he had emerged from his own great spider web, slowly rolled a man bound in a wheel-chair. His legs were no use to him. That was plain. But his eyes and his strange, grim mouth held somehow the look of a man who can possess himself in silence.

The young man was plainly surprised. "Why," he said, "it's you!"

The old man's face was a blank. "Don't you remember seeing me," went on the young man, "in your old shop on MacDougal Street? Why, you were looking at a fistful of uncut stones—black opals—and you said"—the young man looked a little foolish—"you said: 'There's not a flower or butterfly or sunset in all nature as beautiful as a black opal!' Funny, I always remembered it. I never thought I'd see you again."

The old man looked at the young man's face and out the window at those shifting shadows that lie under the elevated. Then he said, indifferently: "That was years ago. I've been traveling. I've been in twenty-two countries since I was on MacDougal Street. The best was China. You know what they do in China?" he asked, still indifferently. "They carry you around for nothing at all. They dress you up in silks—they treat you like you were somebody. They carry you everywhere you go, and legs don't make any difference. Nobody uses legs in China. All you have to give 'em is a little bit of rice or a few yen, and that's what they'll do for you. Why," he said, and drew a deep breath that turned on a light behind his eyes, "over there I was a king!" He finished shortly: "Here I'm a bum."

The stock was low, and the present was not there. The young man moved on with only uneasiness for his pains.

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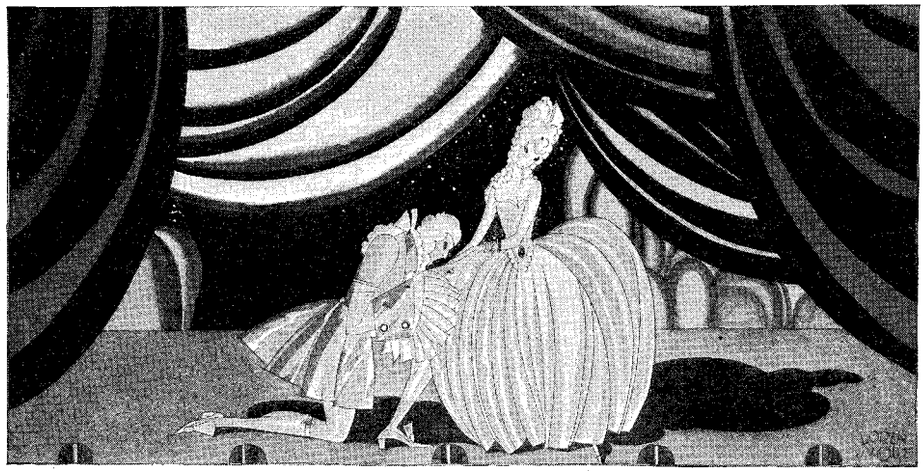
Lights Down: A Review of the Stage



ALMOST every one is asking these days whether "The Three Musketeers" is really as good as the critics says it is. The answer is that it isn't—which answer we make with some regret, because if ever a producer really laid himself out to make a show beautiful, Mr. Ziegfeld has done so on this one. The fact remains that it takes more than a producer to make a good show, and in this case even so excellent a romantic actor and singer as Dennis King cannot carry poor music, a dull book, and much mediocre acting by the three Musketeers themselves.

Perhaps only Mr. Ziegfeld would have tried really to reproduce for us the Paris of Cardinal Richelieu and of Louis XIII. As an undertaking it would daunt almost any one. Which is why our regret is all the keener. For Mr. Ziegfeld himself has succeeded.

Just one scene is worth the price of admission. This is the moment in the last act in milady's bedchamber when D'Artagnan climbs in the window, rescues the Queen's jewels, and fights his successful duel with the Count de la Rochefort. To our mind, this is as thrilling and magnificent a scene as we have ever seen. From the great high bed and the imaginative setting to the clash of the swords and the glittering dagger in the hand of Lady de Winter, the illusion is perfect and the effect thrilling. Only when it was over did we realize that Mr. King and Miss Osborne had done the whole thing without any aid from Mr. Friml, the composer. It is worth while going to see "The Three Musketeers" just to see this one scene alone. As for the rest of it—

Well, it is all there. Up from Gascony to Paris comes D'Artagnan with his white nag; in the palace Queen Anne carries on her love affair with the Duke of Buckingham; through the streets stalk the King's Musketeers and the henchmen of the Cardinal. Duel follows duel, and M. Dumas's story runs true to form—from the moment when the Cardinal resolves to ruin the Queen by exposing her intrigue to Louis XIII, to the moment at the ball when the Queen enters in triumph wearing the jewel for which D'Artagnan has risked his life. Interspersed in the tale are the sword songs, the romantic ballets, the choruses and light-opera arias, which such a romance calls for. To D'Artagnan's valet, Planchet, is given the traditional low comedy. And all is as it should be.

Yet somehow the thing does not completely succeed. One doesn't believe, for instance, that these particular three Musketeers could ever kill anybody. They are too evidently just three men with fair voices—and not dare-devils at all. The same thing is true of the other characters, with the exception of the Cardinal. The result is a show that is neither very convincing nor very funny, and which therefore relies on its scenic effects for its appeal.

If these were reinforced by tuneful, haunting music, they would be more than enough. But as it is, Mr. Friml has failed to do his part—with the result that the whole affair produces a mixture of feelings in the beholder.

Only Dennis King and the Cardinal emerge triumphant.

IN fact, so dismal are the attempts at humor in "The Three Musketeers" that we were driven to horror shows almost at once; and have to report that we enjoyed ourselves immensely at "The Silent House" amid an exceedingly frightful racket of daggers, Chinamen, idols, green lights, pistols, and poison gas. We did not believe any of the terrible goings-on for a moment, but nevertheless our hair rose right straight up on our head hour after hour. We assured ourselves it was just a play, but we had to say it out loud; and we could scarcely look at the actors so fearful were we lest something jump out at us from some part of the stage at which we weren't staring.

"The Silent House" is a new mixture of humor and melodrama which deals with the adventures of two very absurd young gentlemen, one of whom inherits a fortune from his uncle on condition that he live in his uncle's house and keep his uncle's two servants. Since you are introduced to this house in darkness while one of the servants is murdering a visitor and stuffing his corpse in the chimney, and since the other servant betrays all the well-known signs of villainy from the start, you are easily convinced that living in the Silent House is going to be no easy task.

So far as we were concerned, our fears were munificently rewarded. There were bonds hidden in the walls so that the heir had to tear down the entire house to find them; there were infernal machines in the mantelpiece; there were trap doors and hidden passages; and Ho-Fang, the Chinese servant, carried a glittering knife throughout all four acts. In addition, hypnotized ladies floated in the doorway; there was a fateful jewel, to recover which mysterious Chinamen stopped at nothing. The chief villain was even a scientific murderer and had a red den. And any number of dreadful deeds were done.

When we say that through these frightful scenes Allen Dinehart and the idiotic Gerald Oliver Smith tried to live in order to secure the fortune, you will begin to have some idea of what an impossible, hair-raising, and yet extraordinarily amusing *mélange* the play is.

To cavil at it would be comparable to trying to make a diagram of Ed Wynn's jokes. It simply can't be done.

F. R. B.

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Music and Musicians

The "Œdipus Rex" of Stravinsky

By EUGENE BONNER

"ŒDIPUS REX," an opera-oratorio in two acts by Igor Stravinsky with a text by Jean Cocteau, originally given about a year ago in Paris, was presented for the first time in New York last Thursday evening by Serge Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra with the assistance of the Harvard Glee Club and a group of distinguished soloists which included Margaret Matzenauer, who sang the part of Jocasta.

So varied are the types of his compositions and so different the styles employed in them of late years, that one will soon be obliged to refer to such and such a work of this composer as being of the 1925 or 1928 model, much in the same way as the average man is wont to speak of his favorite make of motor car.

Having read the advance pronouncements concerning the aim and scope of this work, to say nothing of Aaron Copland's brilliant essay on the subject, we frankly confess to having been somewhat terrified and not a little muddled in the head when we finally squeezed into the unbelievably congested area back of the parquet at Carnegie Hall (known officially, and euphemistically, as "standing room"), not knowing exactly what to expect and prepared for anything.

Now, as a matter of fact, "Œdipus Rex" turned out to be not only intensely interesting but quite easy of comprehension, even when a goodly portion of one's energy had to be applied to the somewhat elemental task of keeping upright in the squash.

The text of this opera-oratorio by Jean Cocteau, based on the tragedy of Sophocles, has been translated into Latin by J. Danielou. Stravinsky had long intended to compose an opera in a dead language, and, finding ancient Greek too dead, he decided on Latin, that language being to him "the language of science, medicine, the law—in short, the most exact and unalterable language." (Mr. Lawrence Gilman wickedly suggests that "the classic speech of China" might have served the purpose better.)

Mr. Cocteau, in his arrangement of the Sophocles piece, has dispensed with all dramatic action, and in its place has given us a speaking character, "The Narrator," who links together the great moments of the tragedy, besides explaining in the intervals between the musical sections of the work the complicated series of circumstances leading up to the drama itself.

The splendid opening chorus, "Cædit nos pestis," and the air of Œdipus, "Liberi, vos liberabo," strike at the very opening the note of austerity which dominates the work throughout. The vocal line, florid at times but never frivolous, while in a way recalling the methods of Bach or Handel, is really Stravinsky and nobody else. If in these days resemblances and origins are clawed out from the works of modern composers, there will be precious little left anywhere!

The air of Creon, "Respondit deus," was direct and had a certain rugged beauty, though the vocal intervals must have been none too easy for the singer to negotiate. In this as well as the air of Jocasta in the second act the structure conformed pretty much to the aria of the more conventional oratorio.

Harmonization and orchestration throughout were simple, bordering, in fact, at times on the banal, but happily not crossing that border, while good old-fashioned rhythms were as a rule stuck to and made the most of. Not the least effective feature of the score was the rather somber tone-color due to the fact of men's voices alone being employed in the choruses, the only woman's voice in the opera being that of Jocasta.

Notwithstanding the fine chorus at the end, the first act was curiously ineffective, though that may have been because we were so busy adjusting ourselves to the somewhat novel method of procedure, the constant interruption of the music by the Narrator being a little trying at first. However, with the opening of the second act and Jocasta's superb aria "Nonn' erubescite, reges" the real Stravinsky came to the fore and carried us with a mighty sweep to the eerie and thrilling climax of the tragedy —the fearful proclamation of the Messenger, with its accompaniment of ascending and descending octaves, three times thundered forth, "Divum Jocastæ caput mortuum," with the answering chorus describing the terrible drama taking place within the palace—one of the most superbly dramatic endings heard in a long time.

To claim that this piece, taken as a whole, is a perfect work of art, as many would have us think, seems to us overly enthusiastic. Stravinsky is a giant, and it does seem a pity that he should let himself become involved in the puerilities of Jean Cocteau and others of his stamp; not that M. Cocteau isn't all right in his place, but the air of the Sophoclean heights seems to us a little too rarefied for him yet. Whenever Stravinsky and Sophocles met alone the result was inspiring; with M. Cocteau as intermediary things were not so happy. In its way the form of ancient Greek tragedy is as near perfection as any form of art known to us, and, while it would not be altogether practical to write an opera to the text of one of them as it stands, one feels that something better could have been evolved from this particular tragedy than this hybrid concoction of Jean Cocteau.

After Mr. Koussevitsky himself, who directed the whole superbly, the honors go to that fine artist Margaret Matzenauer for her glorious singing of the part of Jocasta. One would perhaps have preferred a more robust voice than that of Tudor Davies for the music of Œdipus, but he sang the difficult music with distinction, while Frazer Gange (who sang also the parts of Creon and Tiresias) delivered with full appreciation of its value the "famous monologue" announcing the death of Jocasta.

Paul Leyssac read the important part of the Narrator, his fine voice and somewhat stilted delivery of the English text being in this particular case most effective. No small measure of the success of the evening was due to the very fine work of the Harvard Glee Club for its really masterly singing of the difficult choruses that form such an important part of "Œdipus Rex."

A solitary hearing is all too inadequate for a complete understanding of such a work; let us hope that Mr. Koussevitsky can see his way to letting us hear again this latest work of Stravinsky in the not too distant future.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

Pæan, or Something

FRIENDS and well-wishers of this department will (we hope) be pleasurably affected at learning that we have seen four motion pictures this week, and have liked all four of them. Enjoyed them, in fact.

It couldn't have been the spring weather—there hasn't been any, really; the department is not newly in love and our digestion has been no better than usual; so we can think of only one explanation for our expansive attitude: We have seen, as we said before, four pretty darned good movies.

Taking them in the order of their appeal to our particular taste, they were as follows:

"Dressed to Kill"

ONE might well fear that anything with this title would be a fine film to fight shy of; but it turns out to be a crook play of unusually high caliber.

Directed with skill by Irving Cummings and built around a real screen story, this unpretentious picture seemed to us a better piece of work than the lavishly praised "Underworld."

The inconsistencies of its plot are possibly disposed to glare a bit too fixedly once or twice; but they could probably be explained by a criminologist as quite compatible with the crook brain. Anyway, they didn't seem to make any difference at the time.

Edmund Lowe appears in "Dressed to Kill" as Mile-Away Barry, a gentleman mobsman, and he came awfully close to our idea of what such a character would really be. Time was when Mr. Lowe had soulful eyes and long, wavy hair which just *would* get rumpled.

Then Raoul Walsh cast him as Sergeant Quirt, and he's never been the same since. He shows unmistakable signs of developing into one of the best actors on the screen. The cold venom and the childish theatricality of the average smart crook are so nicely blended in Mr. Lowe's conception of Mile-Away Barry that it's a real joy to watch him work.

Sharing the honors is Mary Astor, who used to trade profiles with John Barrymore. Her screen performances have been marred by this no little. She has seemed overly willing merely to turn her beautiful nose and chin sidewise to the camera and let it go at that. In 'Dressed to Kill" she photographs to

such startling advantage that she takes your breath away at times; and she also acts better than we've ever seen her do.

We have no intention of telling the story of "Dressed to Kill," but we'll say that if Mr. Cummings and William Conselman, its authors, can do as well every time, the whole hope of the movies lies under the keys of their typewriter.

Capable artists and mechanics the movies have, money they have, and camera tricks and professors of archæology; but stories they have not—except in such rare instances that when a good one reaches the screen we all wonder if Will Hays wasn't away that day, testifying.

Pola Negri in "The Secret Hour"

ONE notices, after the assistant directors and supervising technicians have been given their credit lines, that Sidney Howard wrote the story of "The Secret Hour." And thereby hangs a tale.

A while back a stage play called "They Knew What They Wanted" won the Pulitzer Prize for its year. It dealt, tenderly and brilliantly, with extramarital bliss and illicit motherhood on a California fruit ranch. That same Mr. Howard whose name now appears between the 'script clerk and the National Board of Censors was its author.

When the time came to offer it to the movies, Mr. Hays threw it out because the sinners in it were forgiven at the end instead of being punished. No kidding.

So, since it was altogether too good to lose, they prettied it all up with marriage licenses, and here it is—"The Secret Hour."

You'll make no mistake—it's a fine picture. Pola Negri outdoes herself. We thought her better as the ex-hash slinger who came to the ranch to get married than she has been since her Lubitsch days. Jean Hersholt is in it, too, and that circumstance has made many a poorer picture into a good one.

"The Count of Ten"

THE two protagonists of this fistic drama are both doing double duty this week. James Gleason is in his own play, "The Shannons," at the Martin Beck Theatre and Charles Ray is appearing on the stage in Chamberlain Brown's revival of "Within the Law." Recent publicity concerning Mr. Ray is to the effect that he is down and out. Maybe he is, and maybe he's a bum actor, too, but he's still a pretty good screen actor, according to us.

As for Mr. Gleason, he can look severely disgusted and renounce everybody and everything with one flip of his hand just as effectively on the screen as on the stage. As in his deathless comedy "Is Zat So?" Mr. Gleason plays a fight manager in "The Count of Ten." Charles Ray is his appealingly muddle-headed fighter, whose love for his extravagant young wife costs him dear.

Reviewers of this picture call it dull and state that no fighter ever entered the ring with a broken hand, anyway.

Is, as Mr. Gleason would have it, *zat* so? We submit that many fighters have entered many rings with broken hands and that "The Count of Ten" is an entirely worth-while picture. And that the Messrs. Gleason and Ray do as satisfying a piece of give-and-take acting as you could wish for. The fight scenes are good, too.

"Czar Ivan the Terrible"

IT might be well to preface all laudatory remarks about this Russian-made film by stating that it has been heavily cut for American consumption. The result is that Czar Ivan is much less terrible and the continuity much more so. It's almost impossible, at times, to follow the story, with its queer Slavic values; but it's so thoroughly foreign, and so different, that it should be seen. It annoys you with its jumpiness while you watch it and try to figure out if that is Nikitofsky coming through the secret passage, or if it's Nikitzioff; but you think about it afterwards and are glad you saw it.

You feel better educated.

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Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE have it on what we consider to be reliable authority that spring is about to commence. Your interest, therefore, we believe, will be withdrawn from the fireside chair and the coal-bin, and your conversation and thoughts will be more and more filled with birds and flowers and two-hundred-yard drives and twenty miles on a gallon. First, therefore, let us tenderly consider the birds.

If you like to have birds around your place, it is not very difficult to get them there. Most birds like to live near people. Give them comfortable houses and bathing facilities and an occasional free handout of suet or crumbs or seeds, and you will find them very sociable.

You can buy a window feed-box which sits on the sill outside the window. It has a platform with a little roof over it and a cage to hold the suet. The cage is necessary if you want to protect the suet from the depredations of marauding squirrels or from the overgreediness of your little feathered visitors, as we like to call them. Other feed-boxes are set on top of poles, and one we have seen has a sort of airplane tail at the back, so that it revolves with the wind. Just what purpose this serves we don't know, unless it is to give the birds a sort of free merry-go-round ride while they eat.

Bird-houses come in an amazing variety of sizes and shapes. One we saw is a model of a Dutch colonial house with thirty-two rooms—a sort of bird hotel. This is for martins, who are fond of club and hotel life. Most of them are set on poles or nailed to trees, although there is a hanging bluebird house which swings on wire from a branch. For the robin, who likes an open nesting-place, there is a sort of platform with a little fence around it and a roof over it. There are a number of two-family houses, with holes of various sizes from one to two and a half inches, according to the species of tenant desired.

IF you need a garage, the Hodgson portable garages are worth considering. They are quickly put up, and the cost is, we believe, much less than that of one you would have built. Moreover, they are, as far as we can see, just as strong and durable.

This same company makes portable houses, which were of great interest to us. They are of all sizes, from a one-room screened camp or play-house up to—well there isn't any limit to the number of rooms. They come in completely finished sections, with kitchens, bathrooms, built-in linen and clothes closets, porches—everything, in fact, that you need in a real house. Of course they *are* real houses, complete in every detail, with the advantage that you can add a couple of rooms to them easily at any time. One of them went through last year's Florida hurricane, and not only was the cottage not damaged, but the clothing and beds and furniture were entirely dry.

DO you want to buy a tree? We know a company which will send you one by mail, will instruct you how to plant it, and will insure it for a year. If the tree fails to thrive, this organization guarantees to replace it. You can get more than one, of course—as many as you like, and the prices aren't high. A dozen four-year-old spruces cost $3.95, and you can get maples and poplars and dogwood and pussy-willow and several kinds of evergreens, as well as rose and lilac bushes and various shrubs for hedges.

This seems to us an easy way to quiet your civic and National conscience if you feel, as we do, that deforestation is more or less of a National calamity. And the guaranty thing strikes us as helpful. Once, a number of years ago, we, wishing to liquidate our responsibilities toward America's vanishing natural resources, planted an elm in our back yard. The nurseryman assured us it was a healthy tree, without spot or blemish, but it pined and sickened, and, although we sat up nights with it and watered it with our tears, the darn thing died. And the nurseryman wouldn't do anything about it. He said probably it was cats. Now if that tree had been guaranteed, it would have been replaced with a healthy specimen, and today that back yard, instead of being a bleak and arid expanse, shunned of man, would be heavily forested with a spreading elm—a bit of the waste reclaimed. Anyway, we offer you our experience for what it is worth.

DO you want a flagstone walk in your garden? We know where you can get two kinds—one made of irregular and odd-shaped pieces, and the other of rectangular flags.

And we know where you can get a woven-wood fence, made of split chestnut saplings closely bound together vertically with wire. It comes in two heights—four feet eleven and six feet six—and makes a good screen for a garage or substitute for a hedge, as it is extremely good looking.

For farm use, particularly good in a hunting country, you can get old-fashioned post and rail fences, or English hurdle fences—the latter made in portable sections or hurdles, which can be easily taken down or shifted.

And here are two garden accessories which we thought interesting. A mushroom stool, which looks exactly like a huge mushroom, and has a spike at the bottom so that it can be firmly driven down into turf. Tile-top tables, with wrought-iron legs and tops of Spanish or Italian varicolored tiles, which can be used in *patios,* porches, or indoors.

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Business and Finance

Verboten—Stock Exchange Corners

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

"RADIO is cornered."

This exciting rumor ran through the speculative sectors of Wall Street as the shares of the Radio Corporation of America whirled up from $95 to $160 in less than a week.

The public may never know whether or not an individual or a group did have the stock cornered. This much, however, is certain. If a corner existed, it was broken. "Noting the character of the trading" in Radio, to use the expression they employed at the time of the Stutz scandal, the Stock Exchange authorities questioned every one of its members on their position in the stock. How much had they bought and sold? How much were they long? How much short? And for whom? If their investigation had revealed a corner, they would have informed the interests in control that the situation could not continue. If the warning had been ignored, the Governing Committee would have either forced a settlement or removed the shares from the list. The history of the Stutz and the Piggly-Wiggly cases shows that a corner in a stock that has lost Stock Exchange trading privileges is apt to be anything but profitable.

The unfortunate feature of the maximum penalty—*i. e.,* the removal of a stock from the list—is that it penalizes, not only the manipulators, but innocent investors as well. The latter have had no share in the speculative maneuvers, but they may suffer severely because they are deprived of the best market for their holdings. The Exchange authorities therefore take such action only when they believe it absolutely imperative.

For two reasons, the continuance of a corner cannot be tolerated. The first is that securities listed on the Exchange must be guaranteed a free and open market, and one that reflects true value as accurately as possible. This means that short sellers have to be protected. Short selling is vital to the maintenance of such a market, and if the practice were made too hazardous this stabilizing influence would be reduced to dangerously small proportions. The safeguards surrounding speculative sellers may seem more sturdy than those which protect speculative buyers, but it should be remembered that a buyer's loss is always limited. No stock can drop below 0. A short seller, on the other hand, offers, not shares, but a contract to deliver shares, and, if unprotected by regulations against corners, he might be forced to pay thousands of dollars to fulfill a contract which he had sold for fifty dollars or so.

The second objection to corners is that they usually disturb the securities markets. The unintentional corner in Northern Pacific actually created a stock-market panic, an undesirable phenomenon from every point of view.

According to the Constitution of the Stock Exchange, a corner exists when "a single interest or group has acquired such control of a security that the same cannot be obtained for delivery on existing contracts except at prices and on terms arbitrarily dictated by such interest or group."

It was easy to apply this definition in the Stutz and Piggly-Wiggly cases. Allan A. Ryan told the Stock Exchange authorities that he had Stutz cornered and announced that he would make the shorts buy in their contracts at a price fixed by himself. Clarence Saunders was almost as frank regarding Piggly-Wiggly. Under these circumstances, neither stock deserved to enjoy trading privileges on the Exchange.

More complex was the case of Wheeling and Lake Erie, which shot up from about $30 to $135 a share within a few weeks early in 1927. When selling at their peak, the shares were lending at a premium of $7 a share. This meant that it cost exactly $700 a day to be short a hundred shares, if the price remained unchanged. On the surface, this certainly looked like a corner, but it developed that the market situation had been created by the purchase of the railroad's control by the New York Central, the Nickel Plate, and the Baltimore and Ohio roads, neither of which was the least bit interested in the prices quoted for the shares which they did not hold. They had bought control because they thought it essential to their consolidation plans. They refused to sell or lend the stock, not because they wanted to bleed the shorts, but because they wanted to hold it for voting purposes.

Here, for a few days, there was certainly not a free and open market, as the term is usually understood, but the authorities left the stock on the list. Since the only group that could be said to be in control consisted of the New York Central, the Nickel Plate, and the Baltimore and Ohio, and since the stock could not be obtained from them on any terms, it was obvious that the stock could be and was being obtained for delivery at prices and on terms *not* "arbitrarily dictated by such interest or group." *Ergo,* according to the Stock Exchange's definition, there was no corner.

Even so, the situation was an unhealthy one, and the inevitable collapse of the price of Wheeling and Lake Erie precipitated a wave of selling that seriously disturbed the whole stock market.

In many ways the Wheeling and Lake Erie situation resembled the "Northern Pacific panic" of **1901,** when the Harriman-Kuhn, Loeb and the Morgan-Hill interests were bidding against each other for control of the Northern Pacific. Neither of these groups were interested in speculative profits but in railroad empires. Their buying, nevertheless, skyrocketed the price from $110 to $1,000 a share. Between them they acquired title to 78,000 more shares than were actually outstanding. This was a corner with a vengeance. The shorts could buy only from the two controlling groups and at prices dictated by them. These financial giants, however, refused to take their pound of flesh and allowed the shorts to settle for $150 a share.

The Stock Exchange is really a club and its governors have absolute control over its members and the dealings on its floor. Whenever a corner has developed or threatened to develop, there always have been cries that the Exchange should be incorporated and placed under Government supervision. It is these very cases, though, that prove how much more efficiently a securities market can be conducted under able, conscientious supervision. Situations such as those created by Ryan and Saunders call for swift, drastic measures such as are possible only in a privately operated institution whose disciplinary action cannot be hampered by legal delays and technicalities. The evidence shows that the Stock Exchange can run its own house very well indeed without the Government's assistance.

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Tell Me a Story

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Luxor Price

SMALL Mabel Pattee was a rare bit of femininity—she loved mice. As early as the age of seven she rescued them, with more or less success, from the family cat; one midwinter, in the wake of the farm wagon, she found a torn-up field-mouse home, with two babies rapidly stiffening in the bitter cold. Dropping them into her warm mitten, she ran to the house, where the kitchen stove and a few drops of warm milk soon restored the orphans' frisky spirits. All winter they waxed and grew sleek in their improvised home of a soft-lined box covered with wire, lifted out for frequent pettings from their small mistress. On baking days she begged a bit of dough from Mother, then, kneading it with sliced chestnuts, she baked a "fruit-cake" for her pets. With summer, a not disinterested family persuaded Mabel that field mice lived more happily out of doors, and the reluctant small girl carried her babies to a sunny meadow, leaving them to the care of Mother Nature, which, she felt sure, could never equal her own.

Perhaps it was her love for the little wild creatures that led Mabel's father to invent a mouse story, or perhaps the story sowed the seeds of affection—Miss Pattee does not remember. At any rate, curled up on Father's lap at bedtime, she never tired of hearing the dearest story of her childhood, "The Mouse Who Saved the Mill."

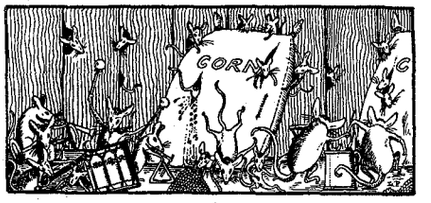
The Mouse Who Saved the Mill

As remembered by Mabel E. Pattee, an Outlook reader

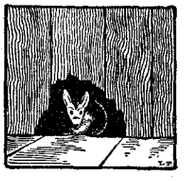
ONCE upon a time on the bank of a river there stood a large old grist mill, where a miller ground heaps of golden corn and creamy wheat into meal and flour for the good folk of the village.

Now, unknown to every one, the old mill had a tenant. Behind a little round hole in the darkest corner of the farthest grain bin lived the dearest, sleekest little Lady Mouse.

She was a neat and tidy soul. Every night, after the great wheel had stopped and the miller had gone home and all was silent in the mill, out she slipped through her little door and ate her supper from scattered grains left from the day's grinding. But she was very careful never to leave crumbs or gnawed-up rubbish, and she always ran to the stream to drink *after* her supper, so as not to make muddy tracks on the floor.



But the mill did not look so tidy after evenings when the little Lady Mouse's neighbors had run in for a visit, for the high-spirited young mice frolicked and romped through all the bins, scattering the grains and littering the floor with half-chewed leavings.



Next morning the place was a sight, and from her little bed the Lady Mouse heard the miller stamping his great boots and roaring: "Those pesky mice again! I must get a cat."

Then she would be extra careful for days and days.

But one night there was a great celebration in the Mouse Colony in honor of Mrs. Whitefoot's thirteenth baby, and friends and relatives rushed to the mill to dance and make free with the miller's stores. As the night wore on, they grew more and more gay and careless, till the place was a sight to behold—flour and meal scattered everywhere, and even great holes gnawed in the grain bags.

Next morning, curled up in her bed, the little Lady Mouse heard the miller's great boots stamping about and the miller's voice thundering angrily: "Those pesky mice again! I'll bring that cat tomorrow morning."

Poor little Lady Mouse! Though her feet ached with dancing, she could neither eat nor sleep, for well she knew that this was her last day in her happy home. Before the cat came next morning she must find another place to live.

Presently, worn out with worry, she dozed a bit. She woke suddenly, with the queerest, stingiest feeling in her nose. Sitting up and rubbing her eyes, she sniffed this way and that. Then she understood. It was smoke she smelled. The mill was on fire!

What could she do? Carry a thimbleful of water? Ring the big bell-rope to call the firemen? But it was beyond her reach. What *could* she do? Why, of course, she could gnaw!

Out of bed she jumped, slipped off her little nightie and cap, pulled on her slippers, and ran to the miller's back door. By flattening herself very thin, she crept under; then up the stairs she scurried, for already smoke was pouring from the mill, and there was no time to lose. The miller lay snoring in his bed. Climbing up on the headboard, just above his ear, the little Lady Mouse set her sharp little teeth to the wood and began to gnaw.

The miller tossed in his sleep. "Those pesky mice!" he muttered. "I'll get a"—

The little Lady Mouse shivered, but she went on gnawing faster and harder and louder, until at last the miller sat up in bed, wide awake and very angry.

"I'll get that cat"— he began, then he looked out of the window. A red glow was spreading about the mill, and above the glow rose showers of sparks. In his night-shirt the miller tumbled out of bed and rushed to the bell-rope outside. Clang! clang! sounded the fire alarm. Down in the village the firemen tumbled out of bed, and came rushing to the mill. At dawn the fire was out and the mill was saved.

Next morning, safe once more in the darkest corner of the farthest grain bin, the little Lady Mouse heard the miller say: "If that mouse's gnawing hadn't waked me last night, there'd be no mill this morning. Hereafter, the mice are welcome to all they can eat, and I'll *never* again think of allowing a cat around the place."

Smiling happily, the tired little Lady Mouse cuddled down inside her nest and went to sleep.

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Then and Now

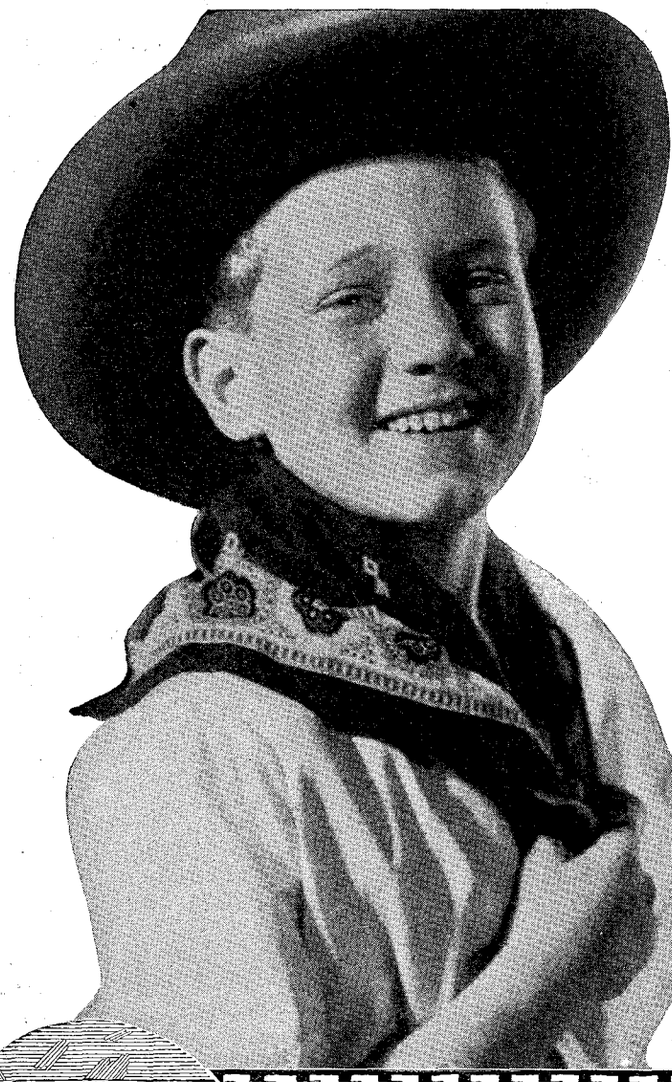
(Continued from page 499)

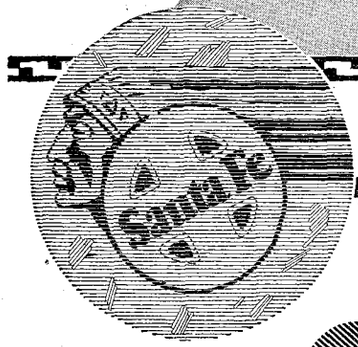
knew the value of their jewels, and only a cur would take advantage and desert. It is true there is less bastardy now than then, but the honor that goes with sex and love was alive then, and is now.

Sex has its high and holy place and purpose. Its direction and manifestation is a test of honor, honesty, cleanliness, purity, and sense plus religion. Only coarse people think nasty things, and only those who are yet unrefined talk and think and act smuttily and worse. Decent girls and boys and women and men today and yesterday do not feed the mind nastiness any more than they do the stomach filth. They do not parade the unmentionable any more than they would put a garbage-pail on the buffet. Those who are recreant in sex matters take place with those to be found in every land who are not "packed right in they haid," as an old cracker expressed it to me. There are criminals, but crime is so unusual as to be news. There are departures from the pathway, but the way back is found.

THE young people of my time seemed hopeless to the older blue law crowd. They came out all right. Now the young people are bound for hell in a hand basket, but they are better than the young folks who turned out all right a half-century ago. How do I know? Well, I have seven children and twelve grandchildren, and they are my intimate friends. All of them are so much better than I was that I am ashamed of memory. They have young friends, and they are as fine as mine own. They come to live with me and camp with me and live every phase of life with me, and I know them and the God in them. Look at a face and see a man of character. No person, old or young, can practice unmentionable things long and get away with it. The face becomes sensuous or diseased and coarse. In no previous age were young people so clean-looking and beautiful and wholesome as right now.

Of course the young people know. They always have. Why should they not? They are honester about it now than once they were. Society is better in every phase and plane. To doubt this is to indict the foundation of our civilization. I wish those who are continually saying things are not what they were or should be would practice a bit of self-analysis, a little introspection. Then they will have a new faith in God and in his instruments: the church and the school and the press.





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Trader Horn in America

By HARRY SALPETER

ALFRED ALOYSIUS SMITH, a scraggly bearded ancient who, under the name of "Trader Horn," has written, with no negligible collaboration, one of America's best-selling books, arrived in America on his latest visit, the prize passenger of the S. S. Olympic. Even Mr. Smith, whose mental powers at the reputed age of seventy-three are not vigorous, must have realized at least dimly his significance to America when a band of reporters and photographers clambered aboard in mid-bay in quest of none other than Alfred Aloysius Horn. And perhaps Lord Dunsany, a fellow-passenger who was lurking in the practically untenanted shadows, must have reflected, and not for the first time, upon the transient and untrustworthy nature of a vogue.

Trader Horn (his so-called "spear name") has not been unaccustomed to the assault of reporters and photographers. And the assault in the second-class smoking-room of the Olympic—he refused to travel first-class—was only a mild foretaste of what was to happen the following afternoon at the first anniversary of the Literary Guild of America, on which occasion the rattled old man indulged himself in an orgy of self-exhibitionism, modified to a degree by the vigilance of Andrew Dakers, of London, his literary agent. But it was at the pier, when Trader Horn stepped upon American "soil" for the first time in the unaccustomed rôle of a celebrity, that that thing happened which should have engraved on the old man's mind the consciousness of celebrity. As the indifferent Colonel Lindbergh must have realized his celebrity the first time a souvenir-hunter cut a slice of cloth from the Spirit of St. Louis, so must the Trader have realized his new status when a souvenir-hunter forgot to return to him the engraved cane which the citizens of his native Whitstable, in Kent, had given to him. Somewhere some one is holding that stick for a rise in Trader Horn stock, and Trader Horn will gladly trade an autographed copy of his book for his stick.

Almost since the first day that Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, South African novelist who perceived beneath the unpromising aspect of a hungry old derelict peddling wire kitchen ware the potentialities of Trader Horn and inspired that old man to dredge from the deeps of a thickly clouding memory the chapters of adventure that make for part of the charm of "Trader Horn"—since that day the pale-blue eyes of Alfred Aloysius Smith have been waveringly set on America. He wrote "Trader Horn" for America. Every week when he brought the latest chapter to Mrs. Lewis the hope of America would bubble out of him, and Mrs. Lewis, in her marvelous captures of the old man's thought and language which are appended to every chapter, showed how persistent was that hope. On page 170 we read:

> How d'you like my bits about gorillas? The Americans 'll fancy that for the children. If you can write a book that knocks young and old, gives 'em a good laff and no harm to the susceptibilities—that's what goes in America. A moral people except when it comes to murder and so on.

His mid-Victorian mind was in constant dread of offending our moral "susceptibilities." On page 286 Mrs. Lewis reports him thus:

> 'Tis not too refined a subject but it needs expression if you can see your way to doing it without offending the American public. They're somewhat more choicey than the English. The Mayflower's always been a genteel influence on the pages of History.

And on page 49:

> If it's facts you're wanting I can give facts and novelties too. They are the basis of solid interest. The English set a great deal of store by facts, but if a book's to be sold in America you must keep an eye on the novelties. I know America. Best not throw too high a light on some of my experiences on the Coast. It never does to give good folks a shock.

He explains the need of a "comical" interlude by explaining that Americans don't want a story weighed down by too much tragedy.

And how has America dealt with the book and the man?

The old man does not realize how nearly miraculous has been his escape from the Johannesburg flop-house and from the fate of peddling kitchen ware until the end of his days. To him it seemed ordained that 160,000 Americans should buy "Trader Horn." When I asked him, amid the buzz and hubbub of the Literary Guild's tea, whether he did not regard the success of his book in the nature of a miracle, he pondered a while and said: "I don't go much on literary miracles. I ascribe the success of the book to the fact that Africa had things in it which were never written about, except by Paul du Chaillu, who never got beyond Samba Falls. I wrote the book because I'd been there for years, didn't just come in and go out again like Chaillu." He made a feebly flitting gesture with a gnarled and knotted hand.

The second volume of "Trader Horn" will be published on June 10, 1928, the first anniversary of the publication date, under the title of "Harold the Webbed; or, The Young Vykings." Others will follow, provided the Trader's health is not sapped by ocean voyages, radio talks, lectures, lionizing teas, interviews, and birthday-cake cutting and eating. He is drinking in the sensation of celebrity with the same zest with which he swallows the pick-me-ups which the vigorous Andrew Dakers presents him with the regularity of a faithful nurse. When I suggested, in a question, that he would want to go off somewhere and rest, he said:

"No. I'm going to write all the time, so long as I can, so long as I have any intelligence. It's a good hobby for an old man." He is revolving in the back of his head an ambitious scheme of charting the unexplored areas of Africa from the Cape to Cairo, going with an automobile-load of fellow-convivials. He first spoke of the plan to Mr. Dakers in London, and again to me, so that it must have a firm lodging in his mind. There's life in it," he said sententiously, referring, I suppose, to the plan.

Meanwhile he is New York's chief literary lion and, as such, does manage sometimes to roar. In addition to being doted upon as an old darling by the young ladies and exhibiting, with the pride of a child, the wounds on leg and arm, which he shows as evidences to confute any lingering doubt of his identity, he is also to "lecture"—filling in an outline talk which is being prepared for him by a lecture bureau—and to read chapters from "Trader Horn" over the radio on the night of March 27, with twenty-six radio stations hooked up on the Red Network. Sounds in imitation of savages, lions, leopards, elephants, and gorillas will be broadcast to give dramatic effect to the reading—in much the same way that the firm of Simon &

(*Please turn to continuation, page 520*)

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. In this book widely divergent lives are brought to the same, simultaneous end, thus giving the author the opportunity to unite in a pattern otherwise unrelated character studies. It is a wise and moving account of the workings of God's providence, beautifully written. Its popularity speaks well for our discrimination as readers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this fine comedy of manners. It is the story of two sisters. One makes a marriage of convenience into a true marriage; the other carries her marriage of passion into tragedy. Some characters from "The Duchess of Wrexe" reappear in a brilliant London setting. The dialogue, the satire, and the human sympathy are Walpole at his best.

"Deluge," by S. Fowler Wright. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. Reviewed in this issue.

"Crusade," Donn Byrne. Little, Brown & Co. Reviewed in this issue.

"The Ugly Duchess," by Lion Feuchtwanger, translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. This story of mediæval Europe is told in the sober tones of realism. The Duchess, ugliest of women, tries to sink the woman in the ruler, and fails. The background, the breaking up of feudal society, is tremendously interesting. The story is stirring and powerful. Reviewed January 11.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. Those who enjoyed "Ariel" will want to read this and the change of subject from revolutionary poet to imperialistic statesman need not deter them. Disraeli, a romantic figure of an almost fictional type, is a happy choice for an imaginative biography. Maurois breathes life into the Victorian political figures. Reviewed by Lawrence F. Abbott, February 22.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This, "the first successful attempt of drama to use the double voice," to carry on at once objective action and comment and subjective thought made audible, is a theft by the dramatist of some of the novelist's best thunder. The play is as good to read as to see; perhaps better for students of modern drama. Reviewed by Francis R. Bellamy in "Lights Down," February 22.

"Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," by Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Doran & Co. This exciting story of the gallant German privateer of the World War, a figure of the everlasting romance of the high seas, makes good reading for adventure lovers. Reviewed January 4.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading for lots of Americans. We suggest that they follow it with "A Son of Mother India," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, E. P. Dutton & Co. Reviewed June 22.

"Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

DELUGE. By S. Fowler Wright. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

With this book a new romancer appears, and whether or not one enjoys the field of his work, one has to acclaim him as a past-master in it. The setting of the story is a new world, made believable by the very boldness and blatancy with which it is painted. A remnant of the human race, left stranded on a tilted English hillside after the rest of the world has slid into the sea, finds itself bereft of all the supporting structure of civilization and hurled headlong into the stone age. The tale concerns Martin, who salvages a Venus risen anew from the sea, carries her through all sorts of violent adventures, finds again his lost wife, who also must be fought for, and settles philosophically into polygamy with the acquiescent women. There are, to be sure, certain investigations into human relationships, but for the most part the action of the story is physical. Confessing a lack of interest in stories of this sort, this reviewer is bound to admit that the author of "Deluge" has done what he set out to do, and a fine piece of work. He has built his book on direct action and setting, eschewing the delights of characterization, philosophical meandering, rioting in imagination in the supernatural, and so has avoided the pitfalls into which the inept romancer is likely to tumble. The only weak spots in the book are occasional lapses into moralizing over the emasculating effect of modern civilization. The result is a book like a moving-picture serial which you watch quite without critical comment, knowing it is impossible and absurd, simply because you cannot take your eyes off it. You must know how they got out of that fix and what happened next.

CRUSADE. By Donn Byrne. Little Brown & Co.

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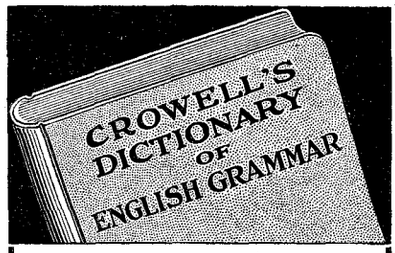

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of character and feeling and motive glow warmly. Miles O'Neill, dispossessed of his Irish estate by his wolfish Norman kinsfolk, goes to the Holy Land as a paid captain. There he fights stupendously, is taken prisoner by a Saracen lord, and learns, in his house, to admire the Saracen virtues and to love his host's daughter. Released by the Saracens without ransom, he returns to Jerusalem, where he incurs the hatred of the Templars, and, after further exciting adventures, escapes to embrace Islam and the lady of his heart. This fragile story is the vehicle for much vivid and convincing description, especially of the warring sects in Jerusalem, which throws a subtle but revealing light on historical fact and background, and for considerable poetic philosophizing. "Crusade" is not so markedly a labor of love as was "Messer Marco Polo." It seems a little padded in spots. And neither book compares with "The Wind Bloweth." But it is as easy to imagine a book of Donn Byrne's without an Irishman as to imagine one without depth and charm.

Hindsight

By P. W. WILSON

"Reputations, Ten Years After," by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Little, Brown & Co.

If Senator Borah wants to find arguments against war, he has no need to resort to the propaganda of pacifists; the criticisms that eminent soldiers inflict one on another are enough to prove the case.

The mere civilian has been assured that war is a science, even an art—anyway, a serious and efficient profession. But in these pages, written by a militarist himself after years of intensive study, the great game, so costly in blood and treasure, is exposed as a series of "surprises." If a strategist is to win at all, it must be on a gamble. As a general who was also a gentleman, Haig prepared for an attack by artillery and lost 60,000 men in a day.

In Palestine Allenby proved himself to be a master of surprise. His campaigns are "classic" examples of how a much larger force may outmaneuver a much smaller force. But even Allenby, when on the western front, was a failure. If he was sent East, it was because something had to be done with him.

In a chapter, often a scandalous chapter of accidents, so uncertain as war there must be Balaklavas where somebody blundered. But if Captain Liddell Hart is to be believed, it is hard to discover a general who did not blunder. The errors were ubiquitous.

If any nation ought to have known how to conduct a modern war, it was Germany. Yet what happened? As the nephew of his uncle, a younger Moltke was appointed to the supreme command. When the Channel ports lay open, he failed to seize them, and during the four days of the Marne he left his armies without orders. Over those armies, as armies, the Allies won no victory. An incompetent general alone was defeated.

He was replaced by Falkenhayn, and the idea that Falkenhayn was the furthest seeing of the German strategists is denounced by Captain Liddell Hart as "a pernicious legend." At headquarters Colonel Bauer, who served under all the supermen, said that Falkenhayn possessed every gift "except the intuition of a commander." After his demotion he won an easy victory over the Rumanians, but his career ended in complete eclipse at Jerusalem, whence he was ousted with ease by Allenby.

Hence the big man—that is, Ludendorff—only got his chance after the war had been lost. That he was a Napoleon is asserted even by his critic, but he was only "a Robot Napoleon," a commander who could handle the one machine to which he was accustomed and none other. "His sole glaring failure," we read, "was in his inability, characteristic of his type, to realize in time the potentialities of any totally new weapon, such as the tank." Ludendorff was like an organist suddenly asked to perform on an instrument to which unfamiliar stops had been added.

No more fortunate in their generals were the French. Of Joffre's "puppetry" we have here a pitiless picture. His was Plan XVII, whereby France advanced into Lorraine. Plan XVII was based on the belief that Germany would mobilize forty-two divisions on the west. The actual strength was seventy-two divisions. Hence the sweep through Belgium, of which Joffre had been skeptical, and the incredible folly of losing the iron fields of Briey. "A plan of operations," explained Joffre when questioned as to his conduct, "is an idea which one has in one's head but which one does not commit to paper."

What is so deceptive in a general is physique. Joffre was stout, and, writes Captain Liddell Hart, it is "strange how stoutness inspires the politician with trust." It is the chin that matters, not the forehead and whatever may be behind the forehead. Joffre's asset was an Olympian calm amid the storm.

Yet is avoirdupois always an advantage? Not at all. It was nearly fatal to Hunter Liggett, whose prestige, according to this author, was well deserved. What saved Liggett was the ease with which he picked himself up after a fall from his horse. If Liggett

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was too stout, was not Haig color-blind, and retained at all in active service by Court favor?

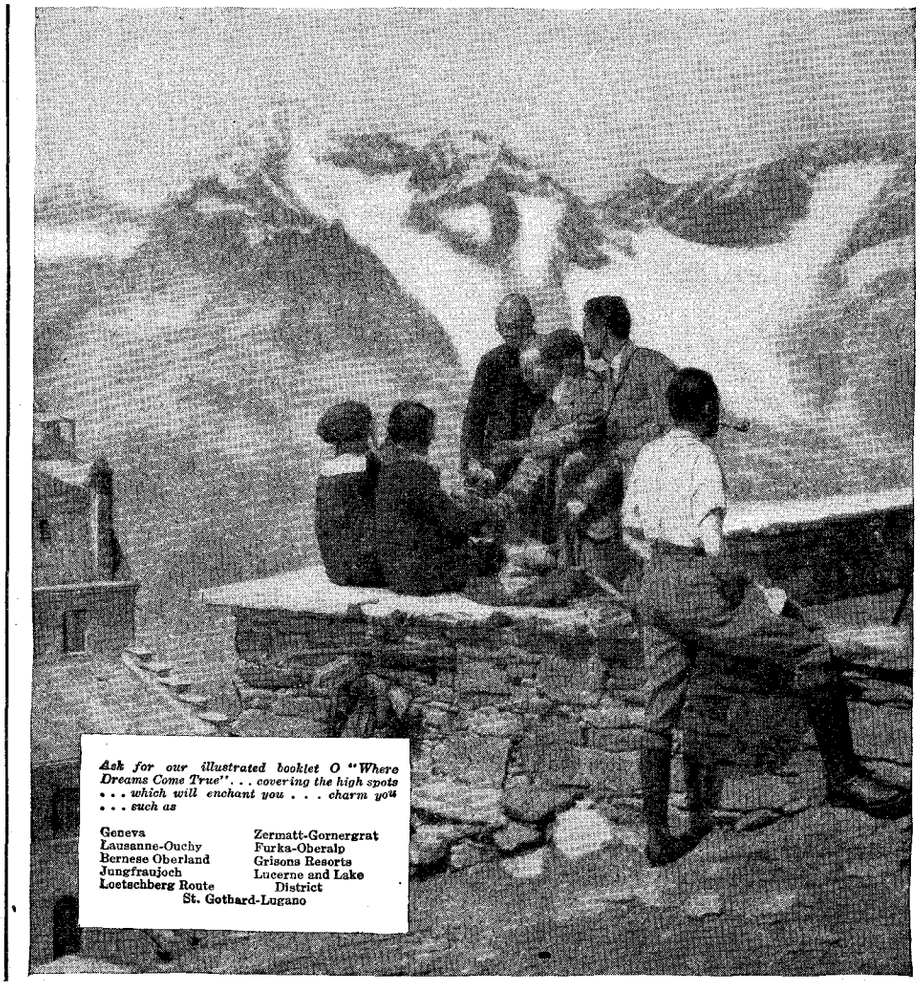
So before the Marne the personal appearance of an officer nearly lost that victory and did actually limit its range. At British headquarters there arrived a "most unmilitary-looking military genius, bespectacled and untidy, with shaggy mustache, black buttoned boots, and yellow leggings." One British officer said that nobody should be seen speaking to such a comedian. Sir John French, at any rate, was absent, and the comedian was told that he must expect an answer by telephone. Enough that he was Gallieni, the real victor of the Marne, and as such created Marshal, but, it need hardly be said, only after his death.

Foch does not escape this searching analysis. He was not so much a master as a mystic of war. To him, no battle was lost unless you believed it lost. But his insistence on attack and deliberate ignorance of materials for attack, like airplanes, "led the military navigators of France among rocks where they nearly foundered." His record is thus checkered and much of his repute is due to Maxime Weygard—"*ma encyclopédie.*" On the Marne the achievements of Foch were "mythical."

From this iconoclasm Pershing could hardly expect to escape unscathed. His attempt to revive the rifle, superseded in trench warfare, was expensive. But even Captain Liddell Hart has to confess that in refusing to disintegrate his army among the Allies Pershing was pursuing a patriotic objective—namely, the establishment of a military tradition, definite and national.

A serious difficulty is promotion. In Germany the rule was priority, but the commander became a figurehead, subject to a younger and abler chief of staff. What Roosevelt did was to promote Pershing over the head of 862 seniors. What guaranty, then, has any nation that in a speculation so unaccountable as war it will be any better served in the future than nations, victors and vanquished, have been served in the past? It is the man who is to be blamed. It is the mind of the race that has been harnessed to an impossible task.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.



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Our Bosses

(Continued from page 497)

war which they needed. When the opportunity was presented to reciprocate, they did so. In the tariff favors granted Wrigley and Du Pont it is even possible to argue that the public was a beneficiary. Yet one might ask appropriately whether the public would have approved the arrangement had it understood all the implications, and whether it is precisely patriotic or ethical to employ the power and resources of the National Government to pay a private political obligation.

ADDITIONAL details of Harry Sinclair's connection with the 1920 campaign are constantly coming to light. It was he who, in collaboration with several associates identified with the oil industry, evolved the delightfully simple plan of forming an oil company to serve as a camouflaged clearing-house for campaign contributions. It was given the name of the Continental Trading Company. Through this concern Sinclair and his collaborators, by buying crude oil and selling it to members of their own group at a 25-cent advance, made approximately $3,000,000 available almost overnight for what appear to have been primarily political purposes. It has developed since that $233,000 of the proceeds found its way into the possession of Albert B. Fall,

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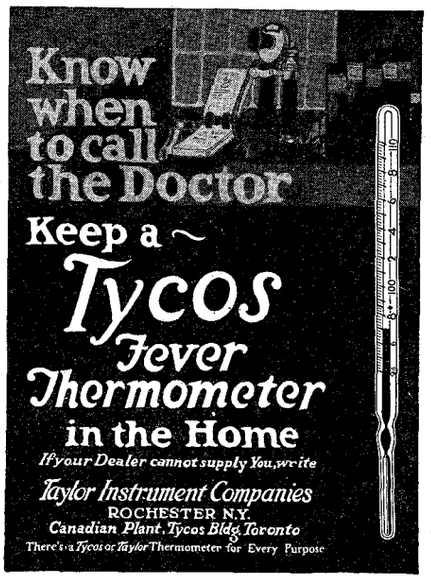
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then Secretary of the Interior. Later, $160,000 in Liberty Bonds and other securities was delivered by Sinclair to Will Hays to be applied to the Republican campaign deficit. Seventy-five thousand dollars of this amount was used to curtail a note carried by the Republican National Committee in the Empire Trust Company of New York, of whose Board of Directors Senator Du Pont was chairman. The final payment of $85,000 was made in 1923, according to the recent testimony of Will Hays before the Walsh committee in Washington, coinciding with the dissolution of the Continental Trading Company. Where the rest of the money went is still a mystery, due to the absence of several witnesses in Europe and the refusal of others to testify.

Herein we have contemporary proof of the partnership which exists more or less continuously between big business and big politics—a partnership which, so far as business groups are concerned, is uni-partisan only when it pays to be so, and bi-partisan otherwise. Sometimes contributions are made to both National Committees, that the contributor may have friends at court no matter who wins the election. When it becomes necessary or desirable to conceal such contributions from the public gaze, political and business intrigue join hands—without, however, always succeeding in their purpose.

Tariff beneficiaries may always be relied upon for sizable contributions. Joseph R. Grundy, of Bristol, Pennsylvania, President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association and himself a millionaire manufacturer of textiles, is the principal collector of this group. He raised as high as $800,000 among the members of the Association for use in a single Republican Presidential campaign.

It is a commonplace in politics that the Democratic Party cannot raise comparable campaign funds because it has nothing to sell. In a measure this is true. It is not that there is any essential difference in the morals of the parties. The Republicans simply have the advantage of issues which commend themselves to the business community. Committed as it is to the principle of protection, the Republican Party is always able to grant tariff favors in return for campaign contributions. There is little altruism in business, and it is not strange that some of the larger business groups should supply sinews of war to the party which seems most likely to return the favor. But, while the Democrats may not be able to grant legislative and executive favors to the same extent, they still find it possible to raise substantial sums, and it is frequently found that the large contributors, when a Democratic Administration comes into power, are given positions of honor in the Governmental scheme.

Contributions may range from $1 up, with the sky as the limit. The $1,000-limit imposed by Chairman Hays in the 1920 campaign was no more than a gesture. If a man chooses to contribute $25,000 or $100,000, and it is not desired to have these amounts officially recorded, it is easy enough to split them up and credit smaller sums to a dozen individuals willing to lend their names to the deception.

As a recent illustration of the rewards which sometimes come to those who give generously of their personal funds for party purposes, Jesse H. Jones, of Houston, Texas, the new "angel" of the Democratic Party, walked off with the Democratic National Convention only a few weeks ago, taking it to Texas for the first time in history. In the campaign of 1924 he was credited with a contribution of $30,000, following his appointment as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Democratic National Committee, and since that time is understood to have brought his total contributions to something over $100,000. In addition, he probably will be called on to put up part of the $200,000 which the city of Houston bid for the Democratic Convention, and for which he wrote his personal check when the National Committee met in Washington in January. Were the Democrats to come into power Nationally, the chances would be better than even that he would be offered a place in the Cabinet.

The special Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures which investigated that subject in 1924, reported that in the Presidential contest of that year the Republicans collected $4,360,478.82 for campaign purposes, and the Democrats $821,037.05. The Republican National Committee closed the campaign with a substantial surplus, and the Democratic National Committee with its customary deficit, amounting to some $300,000.

Chairman William M. Butler, of the Republican National Committee, is, if not a strictly unique type in National politics, typical of the change which has overtaken Republican affairs since Calvin Coolidge became President. The Republican Chairman is cold, courteous, and efficient, a lawyer and textile manufacturer, who came up in Massachusetts politics under the tutelage of the late Murray Crane. In this respect he and President Coolidge were contemporaries. Along with William V.

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Hodges, of Denver, the treasurer of the Republican National Committee, he is credited with having given the Committee the most businesslike administration on record.

His methods differ diametrically from those of Will Hays, who directed the Harding campaign in 1920. Hays was an up-and-at-'em, pep-'em-up, get-the-money Chairman, an evangelist by temperament and a practical politician by choice, who spent money like water and used the long-distance telephone as if the calls were across the street. With Hays it was "Go to it!" and damn the expense. His performance was consistent, for the Republican outlay in 1920, as officially acknowledged, was something over $7,000,000, while the Democrats always claimed it was twice that sum at least.

Chairman Butler ran the 1924 campaign as effectively, if less enthusiastically and with less froth and foam, on half Hays's budget. Unlike Hays, Butler and Hodges insist on knowing, not only where the money goes, but where it comes from, and why, regarding it as good political practice as well as good business practice to have your accounts in shape for an audit at all times. In the earlier months of his tenure as National Chairman Butler antagonized party associates by his brusque manner and a habit of giving orders to men who considered themselves his equals or superiors in political and social standing. His sense of proportion has improved with experience in his present position. He is one of the two or three individuals in whom President Coolidge really confides, as much as he confides in any one.

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CHAIRMAN CLEM L. SHAVER, of the Democratic National Committee, is a silent and far-sighted mountaineer from West Virginia, with an extraordinary capacity for getting things done in a quiet way. It was due almost entirely to his personal efforts that the Democrats were able to hold a Jackson Day dinner in January without calling out the police. Confronted with a difficult and almost unprecedented party situation, he has sought steadily to restore some semblance of party harmony and heal the breach between the rival Democratic factions. Progress necessarily has been slow. As a member of the middle-of-the-road group, which has worked to concentrate attention on Jeffersonian fundamentals to the exclusion of controversial issues like the Klan and prohibition, which split the Madison Square Garden Convention in 1924, Chairman Shaver has refused to be swerved or to become exercised over the efforts of factionalists to gain control of the party machinery. This is his chief claim to fame as Chairman—this and the fact that when the Committee renders its account at Houston in June it should be able to show the party deficit wiped out and a balance in the bank. And that, considering the Democratic record of recent years, is an achievement in itself.

Because of an aversion to public speaking and a natural reticence of manner, Shaver is perhaps the most misjudged man in National politics. In his home State of West Virginia his political acumen is appraised at its actual value, which is considerably above the average. He is moderately wealthy, a woodsman in type and temperament, and possesses a shrewd political sense. Like Chairman Butler, he is a congenital conservative, but, unlike him, he is a combination of political idealist and practical politician. Whereas Butler is businesslike and direct, Shaver accomplishes his ends by equally effective but entirely different methods, perhaps born of his woodsman's instinct. He is a master of the art of planting and nurturing ideas, and not unskilled at persuasion. Like Mr. Butler, he will complete his present term as Chairman and probably give way to another when the Convention meets in June.

As to who will run this year's campaigns, the identities of the Presidential nominees, the size of the campaign budgets, and the character of the coming contest, there is no one who can answer authoritatively in advance of the National Conventions. The nominees will choose their own Chairmen. Both parties will spend whatever they think they must spend to win, deterred only by a healthy fear of publicity in connection with the amounts so raised and spent. For, although politics will continue to be played under cover and deals made behind the locked doors of hotel rooms still have much to do with determining results, it is perhaps true that we are coming nearer all the time to "open politics openly arrived at."

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WANTED, position—care of 1-2 small children. French girl of good family. Seamstress. No English. 8,350, Outlook.

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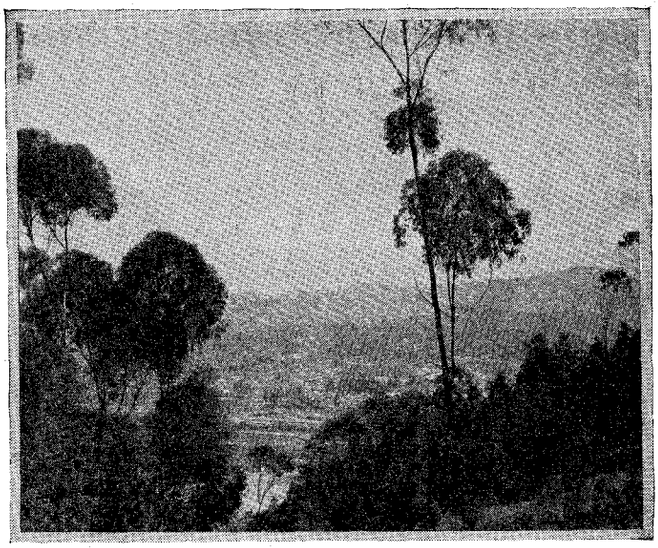

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CHARMING COTTAGE in BERKSHIRES FOR SALE
Elevation 1,700 ft. Furnished or unfurnished. 2-car garage. Near farmhouse, one mile from village. Very reasonable. 9,159, Outlook.

House in the Berkshires To Rent for balance of winter or for summer season, furnished house in Pittsfield, Mass. Excellent location, oil heat, electric refrigerator. House redecorated within year. 14 rooms, 3 baths, 2 lavatories, large sleeping-porch. Owner South for winter, and desires to go to Europe this summer. For further information write
Mrs. Philip R. Freeman, 1903 Cadsden St., Columbia, S. C

CAPE COD
For Sale, Spacious Summer Home in the pines near the beach. 5 bedrooms, attractive living-room, all conveniences, 2-car garage; 2 acres, near Belmont Hotel and Herring River, West Harwich. Water and land sports near at hand. Further particulars,
Walter A. Briggs, Esq., Attleboro, Mass

Charming old home Brewster, Cape Cod Six rooms, bath, screened porch, shade trees Season or month. 9,113, Outlook.

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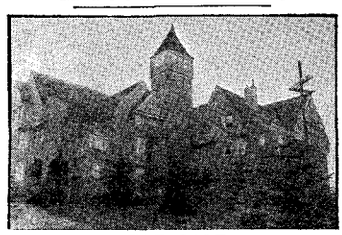
SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

Massachusetts



FOR SALE

BROOKLINE, MASS.

Hilltop overlooking Boston

Mansion with two wings connected by high tower. Each wing modern and complete. Suitable for two large families or school. Four-car garage with five-room apartment. Attic and extra play-room. Tennis, basketball courts, summer-house. Address **State Street Trust Co., Boston, Mass.**

CAPE COD Longnook Beach Old Truro

Furnished cottages, $250 to $495 for season. Private colony, ocean front, electric lights, bath, fireplaces, screened porches. Mrs. L. C. Greenleaf, 6 Upland Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

Cape Cod—South Dennis

Cape Cod house, 125 years old, completely restored; original paneling in dining-room and 2 living-rooms; 3 open fireplaces; 5 master and 2 maids' rooms; 3 baths, electric lights; own water system and plumbing all new; 2-car garage; one acre high ground; Grand Cove, off Bass River; price $22,500; brokers protected. **Owner, H. H. FOSTER, 15 East 49th St., New York City.**

CAPE COD, Truro, Mass.

Bungalows on green dunes near ocean, $200-$600 season. Herbert Lloyd, Bound Brook, N.J.

OCEAN-FRONT BUNGALOWS

Moderate Rentals

S. OSBORN BALL, Truro, Mass.

FOR SALE, at Craigville, Mass.

fully furnished summer cottage, 9 rooms and bath, 5 bedrooms, large sleeping-porch, sun-parlor, fireplace, double bath-house on finest bathing beach. References exchanged. Address Cottage, Box 71, Wall St. Sta., N.Y.City.

TO RENT East Gloucester, Mass.

9-room house, furnished. 4 master's bedrooms on second story, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces, furnace, wide veranda, high, quiet location. Exceptional views of harbors and sea. **Agent, Apt. 4, 465 Wash. St., Brookline, Mass. Reg. 2013**

Fair Acres for Sale Large house, 8 acres land

Big shade trees, fine view State road. Spring water. WM. A. LOUD, Plainfield, Mass.

PROPERTY FOR SALE and TO LET

Lists on Request

ANNA BARRETT, Siasconset, Mass.

New Hampshire

FOR SALE—Owl's Nest, Dublin, N. H.

Summer home on Monadnock Lake. 2 acres, 150 ft. lake-front. House 10 rooms, porches, fireplaces. Garage, stable, boathouse. Unusual opportunity. Furthur details. M. W. CARLETON, 81 Elm St., Barre, Vt.

FOR RENT—SEASON 1928

Little Squam Lake, Ashland, N. H.

New, well-built summer camp directly on lake, among the tall pines and birches. Telephone, indoor and outdoor toilet, new well, garage, float and spring-board, 3 sleeping-porches, ice and wood. 9,117, Outlook.

White Mountains

JACKSON, N. H.

To Rent for Season

2 furnished cottages on side of Thorn Mt.; superb view of Presidential Range and village. 8 and 10 rooms, running water and bath. 10-room house has hot water and piano. **Isaac L. Goff, 171 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.**

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H.

Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

FOR SALE — Senikook Farm

One of the best farms in southern New Hampshire (29 miles from Manchester). 285 acres on Suncook River, 70 acres under cultivation; 350 unexcelled fruit trees, tract of growing lumber. Colonial house, 10 rooms, bath, electricity, steam heat, fireplace in living-room. Extra cottage and splendid barn and outhouses. Unusual opportunity. Further details. Mrs. A. H. BICKFORD, Pittsfield, N. H.

New Hampshire

LAKE TARLETON, N. H.

Attractive modern cottage directly on lake. 9 rooms, 2 baths, electricity, garage. Adjoins club. Golf, tennis, saddle horses. For sale. Full commission to brokers. **George Matthews, Jr., Inc., 33 E. 49th St., New York City**

Portsmouth, N. H. For rent, furnished, summer season, historic Colonial Livermore House, recently reconditioned. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, servants' bath, frigidaire, fireplaces, enclosed porch, facing delightful park, flower garden, garage. Rental moderate. Information, photograph. Rear-Admiral Dismukes, U. S. N., retired, 1006 Clinton St., Phila, Pa.

FOR SALE Southern New Hampshire

11-room summer home, completely renovated, artistically furnished. Magnificent view. Fireplaces, Dutch oven, built-in cupboards. Summer-house, rock-inclosed gardens, 65 acres. **H. G. Dennis, 7 Parley Vale, Jamaica Plain, Mass.**

For Rent Woodstock, N. H. 2 10-roomed cottages

All modern conveniences, fireplaces, sleeping-porches, garages. Far Mt., on State road; Windy Ways, on lake—fine bathing, canoeing; beauty spots of Franconia Valley, White Mts. C. H. Raymond, Lawrenceville, N. J.

New Jersey

FOR SALE BAY HEAD, N. J.

3-story frame cottage, 10 rooms, 2 baths, sleeping-porch, 1-car garage, complete outside copper screens, 2 squares from the ocean. $10,000, including furniture. Commission to brokers. **R. R. Foulke, 505 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.**

Bradley Beach, N. J. For Rent summer. Cottage tastefully furnished. All improvements. Corner. Ideal location. **Mrs. L. ROGERS, 514 Burlington Ave.**

BEING TRANSFERRED to NEW YORK? Worried About the Children?

Want advice on suburban location, best public schools, purely residential district, 14 miles from the city? Consult HENRY W. FOSTER, South Orange-Maplewood, N. J.

New York

Adirondacks **Auger Lake**

FORDWAY CAMPS

For Gentiles. New attractive, furnished housekeeping bungalows, located on large tract of land for exclusive use of our guests. Boating, bathing, fishing. Season $150 to $300, including garage, ice, firewood, and rowboat. MACE & NICOLLS, KEESEVILLE, N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS, N. Y. For sale or rent, lake shore property, hotels, camps, farms, commercial camp sites, reasonable. Harry Baldwin, Chestertown, N. Y.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Log Cabins **Hunting Camps**
Summer Homes **Camp Sites**

Over 100 to pick from. Write for Camp or Summer Vacation Booklets. EARL WOODWARD, Hadley, N. Y.

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

Two furnished cottages, 5 and 6 rooms, baths, open fireplaces, hot and cold running water. Electric lights, $275 for season. A quiet place to rest. Central for touring. **Almon Ward, Jay, Essex Co., N. Y.**

Adirondack Camp for Sale

On LONG LAKE, N. Y.

Six acres of woodland with 1,100 ft. of shore-front on most desirable point two miles from village. Five-room camp, completely furnished, including silver, linen, blankets, etc. House has large living-room, 32'x18', with big stone fireplace, small kitchen, three bedrooms, and bath with running water. Ice-house filled. Boathouse containing good six-passenger motor boat (Fay & Bowen engine), rowboat, and canoe. This very desirable property will be sacrificed for $10,000. For further particulars write to Mrs. GEORGE J. ABBOTT, 1055 Ardsley Road, Schenectady, N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS (Paradox Lake)—For rent, bungalows, made

attractive for practical **summer comfort;** modern conveniences; practice golf, tennis, bathing, fishing. Booklet. CHARLES DARBY, Jr., Concourse Plaza Hotel, N. Y.

Adirondacks Icy Brook Camp St. Huberts, N. Y.

Fully furnished, grand piano, 8 bedrooms, 2 sleeping-porches, 4 bathrooms, 3 fireplaces, dining-room, kitchen, study, garage, electric lights. Apply to **S. B. Weston, 1324 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

For Sale, Two Lots at Ardsley Heights,

Ardsley, N. Y. Good location. Will sell at half cost. Apply Box 9,139, Outlook.

New York

For Rent At Famous Chautauqua, N. Y.

private family, 9-room furnished cottage, best residential section. 5 bedrooms, sleeping-porches, 2 baths, gas, electricity; season June-Sept. $700. Sale or exchange Eastern region possibie. F. C. Bray, 15 Gramercy Park, N. Y.

For Sale at Cragsmoor, N. Y.

90 acres. Altitude 16 ft. Suitable for development. Groves, lake site. 18-room house. Golf course. Further details, 9,131, Outlook.

FOR SALE—Three Big Estates, to close

estates, are offered at one-third of their value. Also smaller places, such as cottages, camps, farms. Some rentals. Excellent lists. Write ROBERTS, Real Estate, Elizabethtown, N.Y.

FOR SALE Attractive Home

130 ACRES; 10-ROOM HOUSE

heat, bath; good barns, orchards, pond. Offered for quick sale at $13,000. **Rural Life Co., Kinderhook, N. Y.**

Lake Champlain. For rent, cottage, six rooms, furnished; south of Essex, ideal location; 1½ acres land; beach; $175. **E. W. Leaning, Room 530, 100 State St., Albany, N. Y.**

Lake George, N. Y. FOR SALE

Ideal summer camp, furnished. 7 rooms, 2 baths, all improvements; large screened porch, garage, ice-house. Own shore-front, west side lake. Mile from Lake George Country Club. **George E. Sealy, 11 W. 42d St., N. Y. C.**

FOR RENT COTTAGES

On Beautiful Cleverdale, Lake George, N. Y.

by week and season. HOWARD C. MASON

TO RENT Lake George, N. Y.

Summer home, furnished. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, and all modern conveniences. Ideal location. Dock and garage. A. B. LEOTAUD, 137 Glen St., Glens Falls, N. Y.

FOR RENT, May 1, at LIBERTY, N. Y.

Seven-room modern cottage, sun and sleeping porches; fully furnished, dishes, linen, silver. Telephone owner, Susquehanna 8180, Apt. 8-B, or write 9,071, Outlook.

For Sale Modern tourists' inn on Liberty Highway,

100 miles from New York City. Tel. Susquehanna 8180, Apt. 8-B, or write 9,071, Outlook.

FOR SALE Summer Home

Ideal for family with children. North Shore, Long Island. Rare location, 60 miles from New York, among wooded hills overlooking water. 7 bedrooms, 3 baths. 4 acres or more. Address owner **H. Crosby, 8 Hubert Pl., Maplewood, N. J.**

North Shore, Long Island FOR RENT

Eight-room House, large sleeping-porch. Golf, bathing, Sound view, woods; two-car garage. Season $300 month. **John Constable Moore, 16 E. 40th St., N.Y.**

For Sale, Five Acres Shore-Front

On Shinnecock Bay, Long Island Box 97, Mahwah, N. J. Griffith.

FOR SALE Bungalow on Peach Lake

Westchester Co. 58 miles from N.Y. 4 rooms, enclosed porch; electricity, bath, running water, etc. Garage. Golf, tennis, swimming. Restricted. $3,500. **D. I. McCOUBREY, 141 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.**

FOR SALE Mt. Vernon, N. Y., House

11 rooms, 2 baths, fitted for 2 families; corner lot, 50x105. Site suitable for apartment building. Please make offer. 9,229, Outlook.

Hunters Lodge, Sullivan Co., N.Y.

For Sale—Large 13-Room House

2 baths, spring water, fireplace, large rooms, wide porches, beautiful mountain scenery. Opportunity for lake, private trout pond, large barn. Pleasant, ample grounds. 25 to 900 acres joins, nearly all wooded. Ideal for hunting and fishing club, Scout camp, or residence. Terms and price reasonable and low. Inquire of ALBERT HOLCOMB, Acidalia, N. Y.

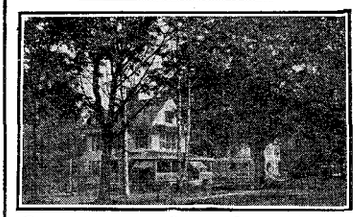
Twilight Park, New York

Two cottages for rent. Electric light, baths, furnished for housekeeping. Beautiful view, near tennis club, 5 min. from golf ground and swimming pool. For further details, write **Miss Ida Lathers, 924 West End Ave., N. Y.**

FOR SALE—White Plains, N.Y.

New well-built house, asbestos roof, attached heated garage. 8 large rooms, 2 tiled baths and all-tiled kitchen with breakfast nook. Corner plot, high ground. $21,000. Address owner, 9,235, Outlook.

New York



Cottage for Season

QUAKER HILL INN

Pawling, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

Non-housekeeping, attractive, freedom from care; maid service, light, linen, etc., supplied. Excellent meals at Inn near. Reasonable. Elevation 1,200 feet. Golf course. Berkshires, sixty miles from New York; excellent train service. Address Management, Quaker Hill Inn, Pawling, N.Y.

FOR SALE, in Westchester Co.

40 miles from New York City, prosperous poultry and fruit farm, 120 acres on high ground. 4 houses, large barns, in excellent condition. Ample water supply from artesian wells. 9,219, Outlook.

FOR RENT In White Plains, New York

Studio apartment containing 2 very large and 4 smaller rooms with bath. Light on all 4 sides. Beautiful views. Apartment is upper floor of owner's house. Heat, hot water and garage space provided. Use of laundry and washing machine 1 day a week permitted. Yearly rental $1,800. 9,239, Outlook.

FOR RENT South Broadway, White Plains, N. Y., TEA-ROOM or GIFT SHOP with living quarters

for hostess. Heat, instantaneous hot water, frigidaire, janitor service, flower and vegetable garden, garage, included in rent of $275 a month. References exchanged. 9,233, Outlook.

FOR SALE

DAIRY FARM—SUMMER HOME

In Whitesville, Allegany County, N. Y.

Picturesque location upper Genesee Valley, ideal summer climate. Farm 144 acres; excellent sugar bush; nine-room farmhouse, milk-house, barn 44x60, stable for eighteen cows, four horses; silo. Splendid supply running water in house, milk-house, and barn; natural gas-oil production on neighboring farms. Also tenant house or summer home, electrically wired. Niagara power service; double garage. All buildings in center of village of 600, high and graded school, churches, Borden milk plant, railway station, National bank, splendid produce market—all within one-third mile. Twelve miles by macadam road from Wellsville, N. Y., on main line Erie R. R.; two daily mails. Twenty miles from the finest brook-trout fishing in Pennsylvania. Price, including fourteen cows, $10,000. Moderate payment, easy terms on balance. GEO. C. ROSA, Wellsville, N. Y.

For Sale or Rent Cottage on Springfield Road.

All modern conveniences. White Face in distance, ¾ mile from river. Write IRENE JAQUES, Wilmington, N.Y.

Furnished House for Rent until October 1929.

10 rooms 3 baths, garage, sleeping-porch, hot-water heat. Mrs ANSON BALDWIN, 11 Dudley Pl., Yonkers, N. Y. *Phone Yonkers 1440.*

North Carolina

FOR SALE—Hotel in Mid-South

Delightful small hotel in section eagerly sought for climate. House in excellent condition. Clientele exceptional. Rare opportunity. 9,145, Outlook.

Pennsylvania

BONNY BROOK Suburban home, 7 minutes from Center of Carlisle, Pa.

Brick mansion, 12 rooms, all conveniences. Old shade, beautiful setting, pure trout stream at edge of lawn, abundance shrubs and flowers. Tenant house, other buildings; 115 acres, 900 bearing apple trees. College city, 18 miles from State Capitol, in heart of Cumberland Valley. Best roads all directions. Photos and information. W. C. STEPHENS, Carlisle, Pa.

Homes For Sale Splendid educational advantages.

Washington Seminary for girls and Washington and Jefferson College for men. **Mrs. Minnie B. McGrew, Realtor, Washington, Pa.**

Rhode Island

FOR RENT FOR SUMMER

Red Gate Farm, Block Island

Splendidly located, overlooking harbor, accessible to beach and village. Roomy, comfortable house. Ideal sailing conditions. $400. **Mrs. H. L. Madison, 2289 Grandview Rd., Cleveland, O.**

For other Real Estate Advertising see next page

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SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

Rhode Island

JAMESTOWN, Rhode Island
Water-front cottage, garage, private wharf, 4½ acres land, for rent for summer season, $1,000. Charming location, secluded yet very convenient to all summer colony activities. For details address CONANT TAYLOR, 19 Winthrop Ave., Marblehead, Mass.

FOR SALE, Country Residence, near Westerly and beaches, built ten years; modern conveniences of a city home, situated on high elevation. Field-stone construction, abundance of fruit and shade trees, flowering hedges and groups. Inquire of C. S. SISSON, 110 Dyer St., Providence, R. I.

TO RENT At Weekapaug, R. I.
facing the ocean, for season June 15 to Sept. 15, charming bungalow. Large bed-room, living-room with fireplace, sleeping-porch, kitchenette, and bathroom. References given and required. Apply
Mrs. M. H. Hapgood, 22 S. Marshall St., Hartford, Conn.

For Rent or Sale At Winnapaug
Near Watch Hill, R. I. Attractive furnished cottages, 7 bedrooms and 3 baths. Also exceptionally fine shore lots adjoining 18-hole golf course.
S. H. DAVIS, *Realtor*, Westerly, R. I.

South Carolina

Hunting Preserve in South Carolina
To Lease—A 5,000-acre hunting preserve in South Carolina. Old colonial house on plantation, situated between Wateree River and excellent road; 25 miles from Columbia, 27 miles from Camden. For further information write
Mrs. Philip R. Freeman, 1903 Gadsden St., Columbia, S. C.

Tennessee

FOR SALE OR RENT Furnished Summer Home
in heart of Great Smoky Mts. in S. E. Tennessee. Log cabin of 5 rooms, electric lights, water and sewerage. Located near club-house where board can be obtained if desired. Sale price $2,500; rent $75 per month. Inquire of
W. H. Schuerman, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

Vermont

Peacham, Vt. Remodeled Farmhouse Furnished
9 rooms, bath, porch, 3 fireplaces, electric lights, garage. Swimming in neighboring lakes. Wholesome community, beautiful scenery, 5 minutes to P. O. and stores. Season $225. Large bungalow with same conveniences on same farm, wide porch on 3 sides, magnificent outlook. $100 for July.
G. E. Johnson, 95 Raymond St., Cambridge, Mass.

Furnished Houses
FOR SUMMER RENTING
Address Mrs. C. L. Lee, Dorset, Vt.

Vermont

For Sale, 10-room House in pretty village between Saratoga Springs and Manchester, Vt. Corner plot, 225x150 feet, fine trees, sunny porch, garage. Room 413, 18 Gramercy Park South, N.Y.City.

Summer Rental On beautiful **Lake Willoughby,** Westmore, Vt. Commodious 9-room house, furnished, modern conveniences, ample grounds, auto storage. Extensive woodlands. References exchanged. T. H. ROOT, Westmore, R.D. 2, Orleans, Vt.

Virginia

FOR SALE
Colchester Plantation
Not Far from Washington, D. C.
In Fairfax Co., Va., at station on R. F. & P. R.R. On State concrete highway from Washington to Richmond and South. Long water frontage, unsurpassed view over Belmont and Occoquan Bays and Potomac River to Maryland. On and adjoining site of old Colchestertown, founded in 1731, of which the "Fairfax Arms Hotel," used by George Washington, is yet standing. Includes fine building site and farm land, wood land, orchard, etc. River bathing, fishing and hunting are near by.
A. T. HYDE, P. O. Lorton, Va.

Opportunity to buy unusually desirable **285-acre country place** in delightful Piedmont section of Virginia. Offered at low price to close estate. FRANK PURYEAR, Orange, Va.

Virginia

RETIRE TO
Shenandoah Valley, Va.
Summer and Winter Home
30 Acres Mountain View

12 rooms, modern. Soft and hard water, garage, barns, poultry house, orchard, blue grass court, driveway. On pike 4 miles from gateway National Park, two hours' drive from Washington, D. C. Price $25,000. Particulars. A. W. SHEARER, Cedarville, Va.

Property Wanted

Wanted SHORE COTTAGE Boothbay Harbor, Me.
For season. Give particulars.
Ralph S. Graham, 918 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Husbands, Wives, and Pocketbooks

(*Continued from page 501*)

Relations Law in New York State contains the following sentence: "Obligations of mutual support are imposed upon husband and wife toward each other and their minor children, and this support may consist of service, financial aid or its equivalent according to the situation and condition of the parties." The amendment would also provide that "the reasonable and necessary expenses of the family and the education of the children are chargeable upon the property of both husband and wife."

This is sufficiently broad and general as it stands to mean next to nothing to the couple wrestling with their own particular budget. But it does recognize two very illuminating principles: first, that a wife is neither a minor nor a parasite, but a person who under given conditions has some financial responsibility toward her home; and, on the other hand, that the work she does for her family is itself a service deserving of financial recognition. As to the phrase "obligations of mutual support," that, to the National Woman's Party at least, certainly does not mean that the wife is supposed to put her principal or even her income with her husband's in a common pool. These militant feminists believe firmly in mutual responsibility, but they are equally insistent on separate title. They are afraid that where there is nominally joint control of property by man and wife it is likely, as the world still wags, to be the man who really controls!

The most satisfactory working arrangement I have yet heard of is that of a couple who keep separate checking accounts. The husband, as is usually the case, earns more than the wife, and each month he gives her a check which brings their respective receipts to the same level. On alternate months each one pays all the regular bills, and they divide evenly on occasional expenses, such as doctor's fees or a new car. Each one buys his or her own wearing apparel; each makes his own investments; and each saves or squanders according to his individual leanings. In short, the system allows the personal equation the necessary free play.

Moreover, there seems to be no good reason why the same principle of equalization should not apply just as well to cases of the opposite sort. The wife may have an inheritance so large that it dwarfs her husband's earnings, but share and share alike remains the logical answer in a world in which women are growing up.

Trader Horn in America

(*Continued from page 510*)

Schuster has dramatized "Trader Horn" in its advertising. After reading the advertising I thought "Trader Horn" was a book of African adventure; after reading the book I know that "Trader Horn" is a lovely specimen of the uncontaminated speech of a literarily uninfluenced man. Without Mrs. Lewis's patient transcriptions of the old fellow's speech "Trader Horn" would have approximated an empty husk in bookmaking.

His surface aspect is unpromising, as like to any derelict almost as one copper piece is to another. I looked hard for the vague aureole of the adventurer, and could not find it. He is thin and wizened. Veins stand out on skinny neck and face. His hands tremble so much that one must speculate on what kind of wire-ware they could have fashioned. His skin has a sickly brownish color which only feebly suggests the bottom layer of an African sunburn. His pale washed-out blue eyes seem incapable of fixing for long upon any object, as his mind seems incapable of pondering any question but the simplest. But in qualification of the possible severity of this portrait I beg the reader to remember that the old man sat for it under unusual circumstances.

He was a little head from the champagne of attention that was showered upon him, while Messrs Dakers and Schuster warily watched, vigilant buffers between the old man and the world. The old man recited doggerel verses which it was not hard to believe he had written—and which Mr. Dakers begged the reporters not to print; more than once he peeled his winter underwear from left leg and arm to show the wounds that native spears and animal fangs and claws had engraved on him, and some of the engravings were in high relief. Patiently he posed, knife clutched, behind the huge birthday cake of the Guild, a cake in the form of a book with center leaves opened, and ate his full of cake, having had his full of crust bread so recently—and yet so long ago—in Johannesburg. Thereafter he held forth to a group of literal skeptics on how the Queen of Sheba was a Malay Queen out of Madagascar. But Mr. Dakers took him under his wing and led him to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the old Trader has a suite built on somewhat different lines from the Johannesburg flop-house room which he had shared with fellow-derelicts. Alfred Aloysius Smith has finally come through.

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